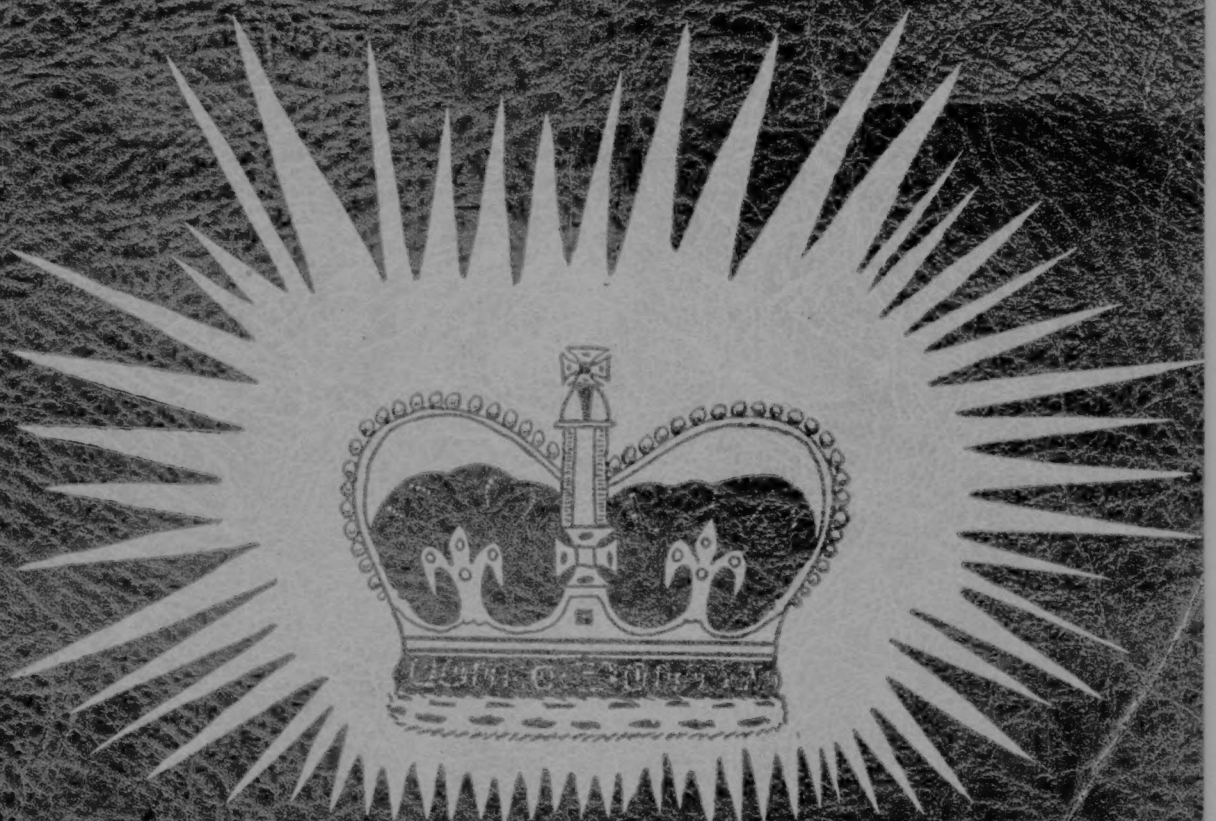


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THE COLLEGIATE

*Published in the Interests of the Students of the
Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School*

24th Year of Publication

SARNIA

May, 1937

COVER DESIGN BY MURRAY GIBSON

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FOREWORD



THE handsome cover design of this year's "Collegiate" reminds us that soon we shall be celebrating the coronation of Their Gracious Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Long may they reign!

It is very pleasant to know that our school will have a representative in the group of Empire students attending the coronation ceremonies, and that possibly one or two other pupils as well may have the privilege of being in old London at that time. We shall look forward to hearing from them first-hand accounts of all their experiences.

But what about those of us who must stay at home? What message has the coronation for us? It seems to me that it has two or three at least.

First, a message of respect and admiration for one who, faced unexpectedly with the enormous responsibility of Kingship, took up the burden with courage and dignity. Surely this is a lesson for all of us, in no matter what station of life we may be—an example in that unselfish devotion to duty which every British subject should strive to follow.

Finally, a message of loyalty—loyalty to our King and Queen, loyalty to Canada, loyalty to the great Commonwealth of Nations under the British flag; a loyalty which rises above mere jingoism, which demands of our leaders that they use the might of the British Empire in striving always for world peace through international justice, and a loyalty which pledges our own best endeavours in the cause of humanity, justice and freedom.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

—F. C. ASBURY.



JEAN PHILLIPS

Principal J. C. Asbury



Miss Jean E. Martin, B. A.

to whom we respectfully dedicate

this issue of the

"Collegiate"

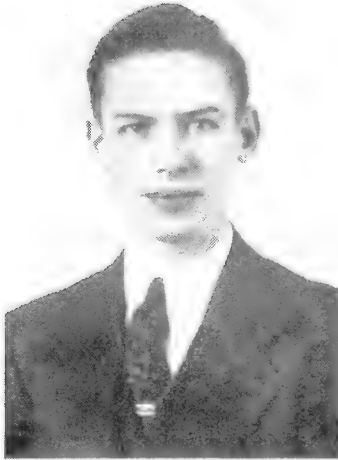


In Memoriam



HARRY BOYCE

Harry Edward Boyce	-	November 27, 1936
M. Hazel Lascelles	-	October, 1936
C. Mary Carr	-	May, 1936



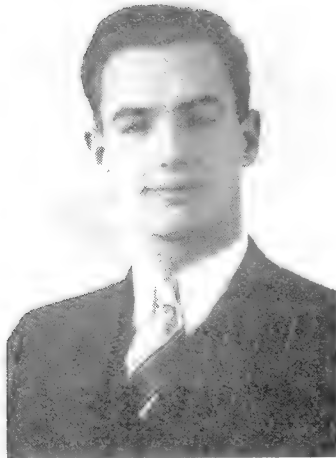
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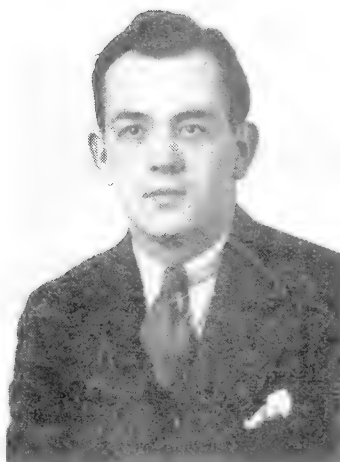
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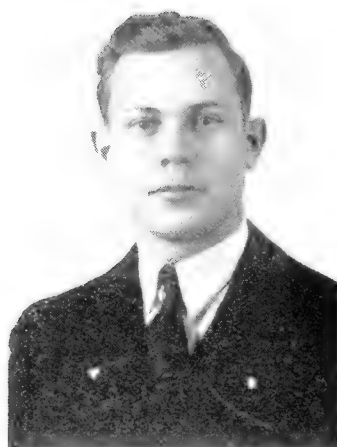
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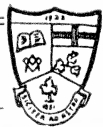
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 L. McMurray.



WAR!!

THE world today is in a state of unrest. It can be compared to a barrel of gun-powder, with only the tiniest spark needed to set it off. Newspapers throughout the country carry story after story of the merciless slaughter being carried on in Spain; articles are written on new discoveries which can be used as instruments of warfare; nations spend billions on rearmament; aeroplane factories work twenty-four hours a day turning out fighting craft. Everywhere, from the high-ranking official to the poorest labourer, the common topic is war.

Has man gone insane? Are we going to forget the awful slaughter of the Great War, the gaps in population which take generations to fill? Are we going to sacrifice the youth of the nation again, to satisfy the ego of some foreign dictator? The latter question has been brought to the foreground again and again, yet we go blindly on, heading straight towards the abyss, from which the only safe retreat lies through a curtain of shells, liquid fire, bombs and tanks devised by man for the annihilation of his fellow men.

From statistics, printed years after the last war, the one which was to end *all* wars, one would think that the human race would never again take part in such an orgy. Yet the passing of time heals even the sorest wounds.

This seems to be the case today. The generation growing up, know little of the last horrible disaster, since they were too young to understand what was going on. They have been taught the history of the last war in school and at the same time an effort was made, to fix in their minds the full significance of the word *war*. But this was history, something to be memorized and written for examinations, with the result that the story was forgotten once the examination was written.

Europe today is made up of a number of nations, each ready to cut each other's throat should the opportunity present itself. They act like angry dogs, straining at the leash which is becoming weaker all the time. Some day this restraining link will burst asunder and topple the whole world into another war, the like of which has never been seen before. The



slaughter will be so great and the destruction so far-flung that Mother Earth will be dealt a paralyzing blow. Such instruments of warfare, as we know today, put ancient torture machines to shame. Preservation of human life will be looked upon as an infinitesimal item, so long as wholesale slaughter means victory. We are indeed fortunate, we Canadians, that our neighbouring country is so friendly.

We can no longer feel secure, as far as foreign invasion is concerned. The fact that a fleet of Italian planes flew over our very home not so long ago, emphasizes this. They were only on a peaceful mission of course, but in war-time they might easily duplicate this feat, with horrible

results. Air raids were common enough during the last war. But today, with modern fighting planes, gas bombs, disease bombs and incendiary bombs, whole nations could be destroyed in no time at all and humanity well nigh wiped off the face of the earth. This sounds fantastic, yet nevertheless, it is not absolutely an impossibility.

Scientific minds are forever working. Every day they make some new discovery which may benefit the world in one way and be a means of destruction if employed in another. Yet above all, there are countless numbers of us who hope fervently, that some day these men will devise a method of restraining man from that insatiable desire to be at war.



TESTS AND EXAMINATIONS

WE often refer to examinations as a necessary evil. Broadly speaking, this is correct. They are a nuisance for all concerned, yet they seem a practical necessity. On the other hand, while they are not wholly evil, their importance has certainly been exaggerated.

What are they good for, besides headaches? Well, they should encourage a thorough review of the considerable portion of the work on which they are based. It is quite possible to go along from day to day, getting up the assigned work in fair shape, and yet never really making it a part of our mental equipment so that we may use it later when called on. Of course, the best way to learn a thing is to try to teach it to someone else, or, failing that, to use it for some practical purpose. Either of these processes soon brings out into the open the details you really don't know! Ordinarily, however, we have to depend on periodic review.

Now, if we all made a practice of frequent and systematic review, on our own initiative, one valid reason for examinations would disappear. Human nature

being what it is, and review being usually neglected, examinations at least provide an occasional incentive.

Unfortunately, they are likely to encourage cramming—concentrated memorizing for immediate use only—and this is one of the greatest enemies of real education. For that reason, there is an increasing tendency to replace examinations by short and fairly frequent tests, taken without elaborate preparation, and by estimates based on regular day-by-day class work.

The desirability of this change in emphasis has been officially recognized by the Department of Education in connection with the recommendation system. This was introduced in the hope "that a fairer estimate of a candidate's achievement in any course of study would be gained by taking into consideration his progress during the year as determined by his class work and homework, than by basing his knowledge of the subject on the result of a Departmental examination, held at the end of the school year." Completion of the prescribed course and stand-



ing on the year's work are emphasized.

There are other important aspects of the examination problem but perhaps we might sum it all up by saying that formal examinations should be discontinued

wherever possible, should be replaced or at any rate supplemented by frequent short tests and carefully supervised and credited term work, but cannot as yet and probably should not be wholly discarded.

“STUDENTS—THE TEACHERS!”

THERE always have been and always shall be great laws of life which are being fulfilled throughout the experience of the universe. One of such laws is the Law of Influence—that we become like those we habitually admire, and like those with whom we come in contact. We find that men are all patterned after other men. There was something of David in Joanthan, something of Jonathan in David; in Victor Hugo's *Les Mierables*, a second Bishop Bienvenu is seen in the reformed Jean Valjean.

Most of us have spent or will spend, five or six years at the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School. It would be impossible for us to meet the members of the staff from day to day without seeing in them admirable qualities and characteristics, worthy of our esteem. Although imperceptibly at first, we are influenced by our teachers in a remarkable fashion.

Perhaps there is no profession in which there are greater possibilities, opportunities and responsibilities. It is the teacher who must live as an example, teach, encourage, scold, rebuke. In *Ancient History*, Alexander of Macedon said: “I am indebted to my father for living, to my teacher for living well.” There never was a greater teacher than Socrates, whose pupils were none other than the two world teachers, Plato and Aristotle. In these men are the indelible traces of the influence of their instructor, Socrates.

To-day one of the most outstanding figures in the world is Herr Hitler. Although the character of Hitler leaves much to be desired, yet here again, we

find an instance of a teacher's mighty influence. In “*Mein Kampf*”—the story of his life, Hitler writes: “It was perhaps decisive for my whole later life that good fortune gave me a history teacher who was one of the very few to understand how to make this method dominant in teaching and in examination. My professor at that period, Dr. Leopold Poetsch, at the Linz secondary school, possessed this qualification in a truly ideal manner.” Hitler goes on to describe the enthusiasm and passion aroused in his soul, and the souls of his school-mates by Dr. Poetsch . . . “Our puny national fanaticism became for him a medium for our education. For more than once, merely by appealing to our sense of national honour, he restored discipline more rapidly than would have been possible by any other method. This teacher made history my favourite subject.” And, with history his favourite subject, Herr Hitler soon set about to make history.

Teaching is truly a challenge!

Although in our “*Collegiate 1937*” there may be some remarks which colloquially may be called “wise-cracks on the teachers” we are confident that they will be received in the sportsman-like manner in which they were given. The staff of the “*Collegiate*” wish to heartily and sincerely thank the teachers for their co-operation in making this issue possible. Truly, it is a student's magazine but were it not for the helpful suggestions and advice of our teaching staff, we could not hope to publish such a magazine.

“Students—the Teachers!”

—K. H



*L. Fielding
M. Harris
J. M. G. G. G.*



TEACHING STAFF

Back Row: Mr. Asker, Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Payne, Mr. Helson, Mr. Dobbins, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Adie, Mr. Gray, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Treitz, Mr. Ensor, Mr. Graham.
Middle Row: Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Coles, Miss Ramsden, Miss Halliday, Miss LaPiere, Miss Weir, Miss Howden, Miss Welman, Miss Burriss, Miss Walker, Miss Dalziel, Miss McLachlin, Miss Harris, Mr. Fielding.
Front Row: Mr. Ritchie, Miss Kirk, Mr. Southcombe, Miss Burch, Miss Martin, Mr. Asbury, Miss McRoberts, Mr. Dent, Miss Walsh, Mr. Watson.

W.D.B. Ritchie

James M. Dalziel



Staff of the S.C.I. & T.S.

1936-37

Principal

FRANK C. ASBURY, M.A.

Revised 2. Back

David Andrews, M.A.
Earl G. Asker, B.Sc.
Ruth I. Bald, B.A.
A. D. Billingsley, B.A.
Mae N. Burriss, B.A.
Vera M. Burtch, B.A.
Wm. S. Coles, B.A.
L. Cruickshank, B.Com.
Jesse M. Dalziel, B.A.
Ora C. Dennis, B.A.
Wm. A. Dent, B.A.
Robert Dobbins
Claude L. Ensor
E. Lloyd Fielding, B.A.
Herbert W. Graham, B.A.
Blair Gray, B.A.
J. Maude Halliday, B.A.
Mary A. Harris, B.A.
George A. Helson
Sarah E. Howden, B.A.

Nina M. Kirk, B.A.
Marie E. LaPiere, B.A.
Jean E. Martin, B.A.
Janet E. McLachlin, B.A.
A. R. Mendizabal, B.A. Sc.
Rhea D. McRoberts, B.A.
Frank E. O'Donohue, B.A.
Frank J. Payne, B.A.
Wm. S. Pringle
Jessie Ramsden, B.A.
W. D. B. Ritchie, B.A.
Wm. J. Southcombe, B.A.
May Taylor, B.A.
D. C. Thomson, M.A.
Ernest L. Treitz, B.A.
Jean M. Walker, B.A.
Jean I. Walsh, B.A.
Norman M. Watson, B.A.
M. Frances Weir, B.A.
Phyllis M. E. Welman

SCHOOL SECRETARY
Mrs. Mary Beasley

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
Rhoda Middleton

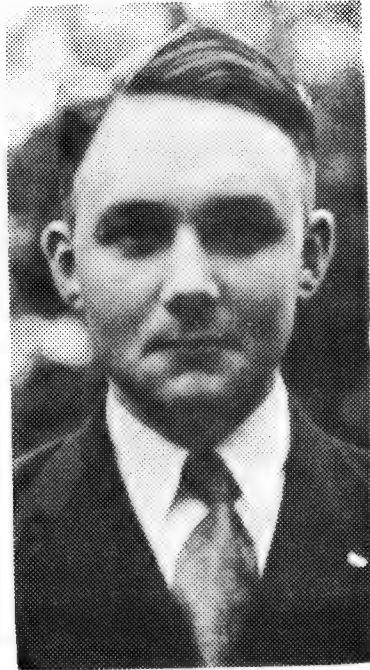
MUSICAL DIRECTOR
William E. Brush

JANITORIAL STAFF

Thos. C. Dunford, Bert Sutton, Arthur Nichols, Mrs. Maundrell,
Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Leak.



Scholarships



RAYMOND RALPH COVENEY

ONCE again, several students of the Sarnia Collegiate have been successful in winning scholarships, and thus brought honour not only to the school as a whole but also to themselves. The total value of the awards this year is \$750.

Raymond Ralph Coveney by his brilliant work in the Departmental Examinations succeeded in ranking for six different Scholarships offered by the University of Western Ontario. He was awarded that in General Proficiency which consisted of a cash award of \$100.00 and free tuition for 4 years, having a total

value of \$600.00. The other awards for which he was eligible were given to the students who ranked next behind Coveney. By his record in the same examinations, Coveney also won the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County, the value of which is \$100 cash.

The D. M. Grant Scholarship was won this year by Angus Lott. The value of this award, given for superior standing during the third and fourth years of the Collegiate course, is \$50.00. Congratulations Scholarship Winners.





Criticisms on the "Collegiate" 1930

THE BUGLE—

"The sections of your book are well arranged. The Literary Section is good and the illustrations at the heading of each section are particularly good. We compliment you on your book."

THE DELPHIAN—

"It has given me great pleasure to read 'The Collegiate' and I cannot praise it too highly. Your features are of the very best quality and show marvellous co-operation on the part of the students. I would like to compliment you on your advertisements. Your magazine tells very clearly and interestingly the many varied and numerous activities in the school. Its humour is exceedingly well arranged, especially the jokes interspersed among the advertisements. Your science and modern language pages are unique and effective. One seldom sees as large a drama page as yours. May I suggest that you merge your poetry, drama and literature pages together. It is often more interesting and less monotonous that way."



We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of magazines from the following schools:

- ACADIA ATHENEUM—Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.
 THE ALIBI—Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.
 ANALECTA—Central Collegiate Institute, Calgary, Alberta.
 AUDITORIUM—Owen Sound Collegiate and Vocational School, Owen Sound, Ontario.
 B. C. S. MAGAZINE—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.
 THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England.
 THE BUGLE—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.
 THE CHALLENGER—St. John Vocational High School, St. John, New Brunswick.
 THE DELPHIAN—Earl Haig Collegiate Institute, Willowdale, Ontario.
 THE FETTESIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 KELVIN YEAR BOOK—Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario.
 THE LANTERN—Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.
 NORTHLAND ECHO—North Bay, Ontario.
 ORACLE—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
 THE PEPTIMIST—Mimico High School, Mimico, Ontario.
 THE REVIEW—London Central Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario.
 SCHOOL NEWS—Royal Belfast Academical Institution, Belfast, Ireland.
 THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario.
 THE WATSONIAN—George Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 THE ZEPHYR—Ridgetown High School, Ridgetown, Ontario.

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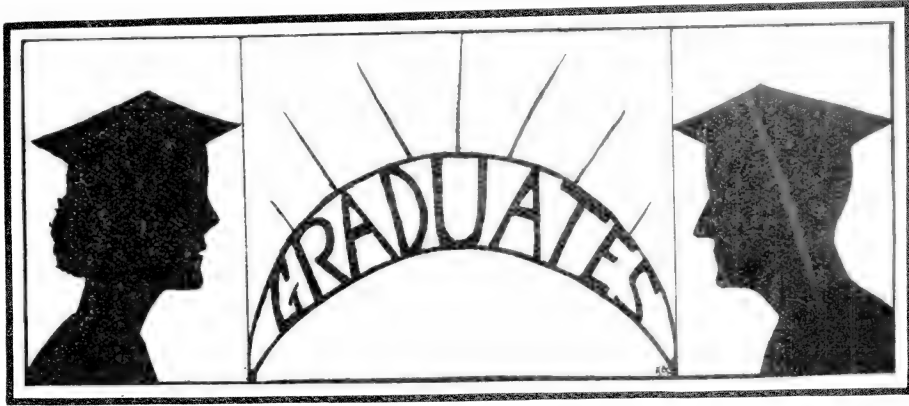
S. C. I. & T. S. COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt now chew gum lest thou be forced to put it in the basket.
2. Thou shalt walk the straight and narrow path in the halls.
3. Thou shalt not skip classes lest Mr. Asbury catch thee in the locker room.
4. Thou shalt study hard for the evil day of the exams cometh.
5. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbour's homework lest it be wrong.
6. Thou shalt not be late for class lest thou be detained at four.
7. Thou shalt not talk in class lest Miss Walker send thee to the office.
8. Thou shalt not write notes lest the janitress read them.
9. Thou shalt know thy work lest the inspectors unexpectedly appear.
10. Thou shalt not throw paper wads lest thou get hit on the rebound.

— ♦ — ♦ — ♦ —

For an examination, a student was asked to write a verse of poetry, including the words—analyze and anatomy.

My Ana lyse over the ocean,
 My Ana lyse over the sea;
 Oh! who will go over the ocean
 And bring back my Ana tomy.



LOOKING about the school, we find that many of our former friends and acquaintances are among the missing. Many of these have found employment, and some have chosen to continue their education elsewhere. At Queen's University we find Ken Luther, D'Arze Hunt, Charles Stover, and Nick Paithouski. Doris Brown, Janey MacLeod, Gladys Burge, Gordon Boody, Lowry McKegney, Ralph McMillan, Jim Williamson, Bill Lester, and John Danner are holding up the honour of the school at Varsity. Raymond Coveney, Jean Neely, Helen Cruickshanks, Helen Pelling, and Ilene Cruickshanks are furthering their knowledge at Western. Dick Waghorne is studying at Guelph Agricultural College, and Bill Sloane is our only representative in Hamilton, where he attends the Parke Business College. Our local Business College has attracted Marie Veal, Ettabelle Slater, Louise Weston, Tom Lambert and Sally Lewis. Helen Cares, Edith Southern and Jean Waghorne, attending London Normal School, hope to become public school teachers.

Two of our former pupils, Jack Craig and Fraser Thompson, are at Pickering this year, and Anne Howard is at Ovendon school, in Barrie. At MacDonald Hall, we find Ilean Leach, and Isobel McMillan. Merle Armstrong, now supports our rugby rival, Kennedy Collegiate. Inez Moorehouse at Wallaceburg High, Aileen Matheson at Petrolia, Mary Madden at Port Huron C. I. are still working away at their matriculation. Don Harborne is at Michigan State University and "Web" Perry at Junior College in Port Huron. Jim Gould attends Albert Hall in Belleville. At Toronto, Marion Payne is taking a course at the School of Designing and Paline Aitken is at Shaw's Business College. In another part of Toronto, we find Eileen MacAdams at Havergal. Bob Isbister is studying at an Engineering School in Detroit.

Several of our girls are following the nursing profession, Gwen Brown, and Alma Fulcher at Sarnia General Hospital, Addie Walker and Jean Goldring at Strathroy, Ordella Prouse at Toronto General, Kay Stuart at St. Michael's Hospital, and Doris Sadler at Victoria, in London.

An encouraging number have been fortunate enough to secure positions.

At the Imperial Oil we are represented by Roy Kent, Ted Harrison, Jack Clunie and Trev. Sleeth.

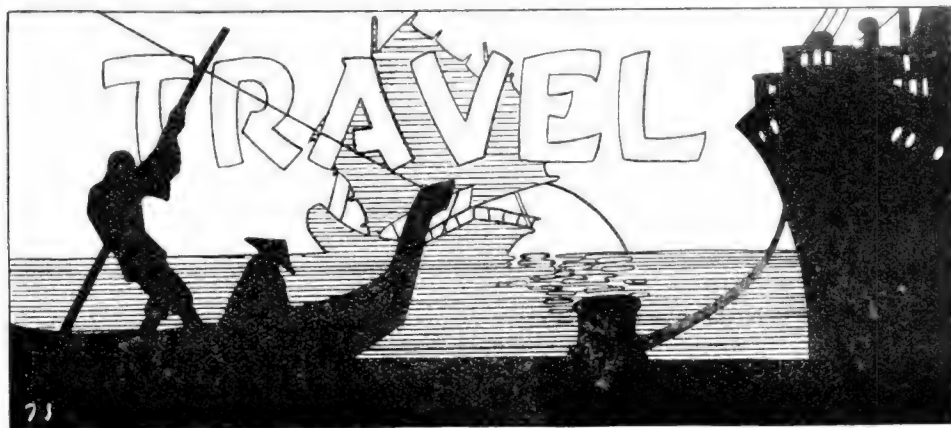
Katherine McLellan clerks at Stirrett's.

Jim Thompson works at Chambers Electric.



Ray Keelan is at the Sarnia Sports Shop.
 Bill Rollo is an usher at the new Capitol Theatre.
 Morti Snider is at the Imperial Theatre.
 Betty Thompson is at Laidlaw-Belton Lumber Co.
 LeVarre Storing is at Dr. Drummond's.
 Charles Sadlier works in the Bank of Toronto, Jack Thain in the Bank of Commerce and Raymond Kember with the Royal Bank.
 Den Levit plays in Jack Kennedy's Orchestra.
 Iris Pirrie works at Lewis' Dry Cleaning.
 Blanche Finch is in the City Treasurer's office.
 Margaret Foster keeps the books for the Pressey Transport and Muriel Baker those of the Martin Transport.
 Lyle Roberts is working at Ingersoll's.
 Jim Hollinger clerks at Clayton Thompson's.
 Art Giffins helps his father, as do Gavriel Khoury, Manual Taylor and George Walker.
 Dunc Tolmie has a position in the Central Finance Co. in Toronto.
 Dorothy Lessard is working at Erd-Marshall's and her sister Doreen at Zeller's.
 Clair Cooke is working at Mueller's.
 Frances Whitlock, Madeline Eldridge and Doug. McKeown are at the Auto-Lite.
 Don Austin is working at Walker Bros.
 Lyle Leckie is at the General Electric plant in Peterborough.
 Eva Miller works at Prangley's.
 Joan Nelson teaches music.
 Millicent MacGregor is now Mrs. Rusty Burton. Katherine Fisher is working at the Bell Telephone Co. Eileen Jackson is in McLean's Music Store. Lillian Jackson works at Kresge's and Jean Fleming is also in Kresge's, but in Toronto. Majorie English is working at the Clothilde Beauty Salon. Kena Adams works in Port Huron. Jim Summers works for Mr. Eisenbach.

As far as we know, the following are at home this year: Stella Logan, Bernice Symington, Francis Northrup, Jean Jeffries, Caroline Johnston, Blanche Gibb, Marie Hargrove, Margaret Smith, Joan David, Belva Lindsay, Dorothy Baker, Leone Lee, Pansy Cuthbertson, Janet Barnes, Blanche Batey, Elaine Mills, Mary Archer, Florence Ovens, Gertrude Duffield, Catherine Sole, Mary Graney, Blanche Maidment, Myrtle Rosen, Carrie Durrance, Margaret Hamilton, Opal Middleton, Dorothy Wade, Elsie Moore, Pauline Forbes, Elsie Timmington, Stella Haskie, Helen Mathers, Leota Louks, Mary Humphrey, Olive Mathers, Irene Woods, Pauline Esson, Mary Willock, Doris Rooney, Dorothy Date, Beatrice Carter, Betty Claxton, Grace Bazely, Willabel Powers, Dorothy Garvie, Doris Neal, Annie Elliot, Myrtle Ford, Helen Hasting, Lloyd Thomas, Jack Bennett, Russell Hardick, Ronald Skam, Graham Leckie, Fred Marsden, Bert Harris, Norris Demeray, Charles Washburn, Fred Walter, Mac Brown, Constant Cote, Verne Farner, Harold Glaab, Peter Krywicki, George Kumski, Charles Jacobs, Bert Jacobs, Dough McLaughlin, Jack Olver, Karn Laur, Mac Jay, Ken Randall, Leslie Harris, John Seely, Jack Tancock, Jack Young, Tom Hardy, Bill Grigorsky, Gordon Lenox, Fred Pippard, Lorne Schultz, Lorne Simpson, Orvil Caven, Ken Cooke, Charles Cunningham, George Downie, Bill Eddolls, Elmer Foster, Rex Gammon, Francis Betteridge, Gilmour Addie, Geve Atysso, John Fordyce, Allen Griffin, Donald Neal, Orville Lindsay, Ross Duncan, Ray Duncan, Donald Kinch.



LIFE IN SUMATRA

HOW would you like to leave all your people, friends, country and mode of living behind, and reside for two years in the deepest jungles of Sumatra? You're not so sure you'd like that? Oh, but you would. You would find it very interesting and most exciting. I am speaking from experience, for that is what I did.

Sumatra is an island of the East Indies group, separated from the Malay Peninsula by the Strait of Malacca. It is almost half as large as our own province of Ontario.

All the way over on the boat I was studiously trying to learn some common words of the Malayan language, such as please—suka, this—ini, and what's that—apa-itu, from a book which Jack had sent me, telling me my first task was to learn the native dialect.

Jack met me at Palembang, near the south-eastern coast of Sumatra, and after a three days' journey southward by paddle-wheel steamer into the dense jungle, we disembarked and stayed overnight at a rest house. All the next day the natives carried me up-hill, through valleys and across bridges in a chair on their shoulders. As the news that I was coming had been spread the previous day, the natives

were out in full force in all the villages along the way, anxious to get a glimpse of the nonya-puti (white woman) and calling out as I passed: "Tabi-nonya," or in our language, "How do you do."

We reached our clearing at nightfall and the first thing I noticed was the numerous lighted flares throughout the village. I was told that these were kept burning all night to frighten away the wild animals. Our house was made of bamboo, covered over with palm leaves, and raised high up off the ground on poles, because of snakes and other crawling insects. Our bedrooms were the only closed-in rooms. The beds were very large and entirely covered with a mosquito netting which tucked in under the mattress. This was to keep all insects out. As the mosquitoes were numerous and buzzed like bees, we always kept a swatter handy. Two rooms, both of them open, comprised the dining and living rooms. A long veranda led back to the section where the native help lived, and where the kitchen was.

Because of the intense heat and their mode of living, the natives are not very strong. They are short of stature, and some are quite dark while others are not. My cook was a Javanese, and very compe-



tent in her way. We had a native boy to do the housework, another to carry water and wood, and still another to do the washing and ironing. There were no stoves and the cooking was done in a manner similar to the way our Indians did, over an open fire. The oven was covered with mud. Our meals consisted mostly of chicken, potatoes, occasionally duck, and all kinds of canned goods, the latter of which came mostly from Australia. Numerous banana palms and one orange tree grew in the yard, and in a clearing at the side, pineapples, so you see, we never lacked fresh fruit. Coconuts were also very plentiful. The meat of these was grated, then the milk was squeezed out and used for cooking, chiefly in the preparation of chicken.

Being the only white woman in these parts, I was quite a curiosity, and hence had many native visitors, who brought me gifts, such as fruit. One of my presents was a small monkey and to put in time I made little pajama outfits for him. My brother had two fox terrier dogs and it was fun to watch the dogs and monkey race for a piece of candy.

It was an unthinkable thing to put our shoes on without first tipping them to make sure no centipede or scorpion was hiding in them, and we always looked under our chairs before sitting down, for the same reason.

All our drinking water, which was brought from nearby streams, had to be boiled and put through two filters before it could be used. This was done as a protection against the dreaded Malaria fever.

During the extreme heat of the day we had to rest and from my front room I could watch the monkeys swinging from tree to tree by their tails. In the clearance wild pigs could be seen roaming about, but most of the animals sleep during the day and roam at night. Elephants only appeared about twice a year and

their trail could be followed by the small trees which they pulled up rather than walk around.

One night we were awakened by a great hooting around our house and found the natives, very much excited, gibbering something about, "Snake! Come quick!" Jack took his gun and went with them to the tongu house (native hut), where he found a huge snake coiled up on a beam underneath. His shot only wounded the reptile and it slithered away into the dense undergrowth.

One day we received an invitation to attend a grand feast in a neighbouring native village. The Maharajah (head of the village) sent a litter after us, and we rode over, as it were, in state. However, he had sent one of his men to see my cook, ahead of time, to find out what we ate, and as they didn't use potatoes, he had to borrow some from us. He also took over our cook to prepare our part of the meal. He had a beautiful home, and showed us through it himself. He had girl dancers to entertain us. In Sumatra, a Maharajah can have as many wives as he can afford, and our host had six.

Only twice while I was there was the weather real cool and that was after a storm. Thunder and lightning are terrific because of the intense heat.

Chameleons crawled all over the walls and ceiling, but as these are smaller insects and were harmless to us, we never killed them. All day long we could hear centipedes crawling around in the thatched roof, and the beat of tom-toms as some message was relayed from village to village. If centipede or scorpions sting you, the poison causes intense pain and a severe swelling, but not always death. When a native is bitten by a snake or any poisonous insect, he immediately cuts the piece of flesh out with his knife, thus preventing the poison from spreading through his system.



As the natives spend their spare time gambling, they are constantly fighting amongst themselves. If the quarrel becomes too heated they immediately whip out their knives and go right to it in earnest, until one is killed or severely wounded, unless someone intervenes. As a result there were many natives minus half an ear, with long ugly gashes down their faces and many other such disfigurements.

The wild birds had beautiful colored plumage and lovely songs. The trees grew very tall and branched out like an umbrella at the top. The undergrowth is very dense and a way has to be chopped in order to get through. When a branch is cut off a certain tree, the water which is contained there can be used as a cool, refreshing drink. Orchids grew wild on the trunks of the trees, as did many other lovely coloured flowers.

The natives are loathe to part with their knives unless they are badly in need of money, but we were able to secure a few, which I still have in my possession, along with a headhunter's knife from Borneo, which I was very fortunate in picking up. When I first received it, it had a piece of human hair, from the head of its last victim, in a slit in the sheath. However, as this was too gruesome for me, I removed it. But, oh, I could reminisce for days!

When the time came for me to return to my home on this side of the world, it was with many regrets that I took my departure, and I hope that sometime I may again visit Sumatra.

—JEAN DUNCAN, 4C.

N.B.—All this information is based on true experiences which my mother had when she lived in Sumatra for two years.

THE OPENING OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

HOW would you like to take a trip to Ottawa, for the second session of the eighteenth parliament of Canada? Here, there are many interesting sights to be seen and a ceremony that has descended from medieval times to be witnessed—a ceremony which was ancient when Henry II nearly 700 years ago established in England, the first faint glimmerings of modern democratic government—the opening of Parliament is to be enacted with due solemnity on this annual occasion.

The ceremony is indeed a very colourful affair. For a brief time the statesmen move in the established pattern of the past—meaningless though entertaining to the casual observer, but fraught with meaning for the student of history.

Privy councillors are uniformed in blue, lavishly gold-braided, and although they are all staunch supporters of the cause of peace, they carry swords and consort with staid judges clad in scarlet and ermine.

Churchmen, diplomats, soldiers, sailors, and airmen, notables in the official life of the country, all garmented brilliantly or somberly, according to their calling, add dignity to "The Opening" by their presence.

The ceremony has its locale in the senate chamber of the parliamentary buildings. Thither the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, went on Thursday, January 14, 1937 at three o'clock in the afternoon. His escort was comprised of a troop of Dragoons, and across the Ottawa River the thunder of guns boomed as he descended from his conveyance. Drawn up in front of the lofty Peace Tower were one hundred men from the Governor-General's Footguards, heavy great coats enveloping their scarlet tunics and blue trousers, their heads encased in towering bearskins.

His Excellency is preceded to the senate chamber by dazzling uniformed aides, who march in slow and stately procession



up the hall of fame.

Conducted to the throne, a high canopied chair elevated on a red-carpeted dais, and facing the high-ranking dignitaries of the land, the Governor-General requested the summoning of the members of the lower house who had already assembled in their own chamber. The messenger is the gentleman usher of the black rod, clad in a black velvet dress with liberal adornment of lace.

The pageantry in the House of Commons is less colourful but equally historical and impressive. Three sharp knocks on the door are heard, and the sergeant-at-arms answers the knock. Returning he announces: "A messenger from His Excellency the Governor-General."

"Admit the messenger," the Speaker of the house orders. Arming himself with a mace, symbol of the commons' authority, the sergeant-at-arms gives access to the gentlemen usher of the black rod, while he stands at the open door with the mace.

"His Excellency the Governor-General requests the immediate presence of this honourable house in the chamber of the honourable senate," declares the messenger from the Governor-General.

He departs after much bowing, and at once the speaker leads the members of the House of Commons in a procession to the senate. There they find they can go no further than the bar of the house; they cannot stand on the "floor."

As soon as the members have arrived, His Excellency reads the speech from the throne in both English and French. This document prepared by the government, contains an outline of the major legislation with which the parliament will deal.

Returning to its own chamber, the House of Commons at once gets down to work. The first thing they do is introduce a bill—a "dummy" in actual fact. This is a gesture which reasserts the rights of the Commons to consider their own business before that, indicated in the

message from the throne.

The speech from the throne is particularly prominent in the session this time. During the time before the speech is given members of both houses pledge their allegiance to our new Sovereign King George VI., immediately after the reading of the declaration the members rise and sing "God Save the King." The text of the message of loyalty read to the assembled gathering is very touching and appropriate. It is as follows:

"To the King's Most Excellency Majesty: Most Gracious Sovereign:

We, the members of the House of Commons of Canada, in parliament assembled, desire respectfully to extend our greetings upon Your Majesty's accession to the throne, and to convey to Your Majesty and to Her Majesty the Queen, the assurance of our united loyalty and support.

Your Majesty's gracious New Year's message sending warmest wishes for the welfare and happiness of your peoples, and dedicating yourself and the Queen to their services has been deeply appreciated by Your Majesty's subjects in Canada in common with those of other parts of the British Empire. We believe that, under the blessing of Divine Providence Your Majesty will be vouchsafed guidance and strength to meet the responsibilities of your noble heritage, and to fulfill your purpose to strengthen the foundations of mutual trust and affection between the sovereign and his people.

We pray that amid the confusion of the world, and the uncertainties of the times Your Majesty's throne may be established in righteousness; that Your Majesty's counsellors may be endowed with wisdom; and that all endeavours of Your Majesty's reign may be directed to the well-governing of your peoples, the preservation of freedom, and the advancement of unity and peace."

—VELDA ROBERTS, Spec. Com.



COME WEST

ON a beautiful morning in early June, our family, seized with wanderlust, set out on a journey to Vancouver. We intended to go through the United States and return through Canada to Winnipeg when we would re-enter the United States for the last lap of the trip.

Chicago has always seemed to me to be the unhealthy scene of all kinds of crime, indeed, a city to be somewhat feared and preferably avoided. As we saw it, however, it was merely a busy metropolis, whose Loop was blazing with electric lights at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was the home of the Field Museum and the Shedd Aquarium, of great libraries and institutions. It was, too, the former home of the Chicago World's Fair of which only a few drab buildings and frameworks remained.

When, between Illinois and Iowa, we saw the Mississippi River, the "Father of the Waters," he was still a little boy, rather wide and brown, but very lazy and bordered by reeds and rushes. On our return journey we met him again west of Duluth, and then he was a mere baby, narrow, blue, and rather swift.

Although Iowa is rolling and apparently good agricultural land, eastern Nebraska, at least that section traversed by the main highway, is absolutely straight. We found that one could see landmarks which were five miles away. Admittedly, this is interesting at first but it becomes exceedingly monotonous.

In Wyoming we met several definitely western characteristics. Covering the fields, and seeming to exclude all other plants, was the sagebrush. It grows to various heights, sometimes becoming quite high and one might easily imagine a rider and his horse were hiding behind the clumps.

We saw too, the gopher, a brown, rat-

like animal, about as large as a squirrel and rather bold. There, too, we saw our first snow-capped mountain, the "Elk," which is over eleven thousand feet high.

Rawlins, a small town in south-western Wyoming, was surrounded with low mountains on one of which was written in large, white letters, "Rawlins."

South of the more widely-known Yellowstone Park is the Grand Teton Park. Beside the road we found snow banks four or five feet high and, in places where the snow had melted, were pretty mountain flowers. It seemed strange to see snow spreading around trees and over hillsides, covering lakes and filling gorges, and at the same time to see green grass dotted with flowers—all in the middle of June!

The sputter of escaping steam, water spurting two hundred feet into the air, people rushing to the edge of a geyser—we stopped to see what it meant. It was the Giant Geyser. We realized how fortunate we were when a young lady told me she had been visiting the park for sixteen years and had never before seen this geyser in action. To describe a geyser would be difficult, for one scarcely can imagine the awe with which one is filled when tons of water and great reservoirs of steam are loosed from their bonds and hurled into space by some mysterious force. The height of the geysers varies; some are twenty, some two hundred feet high. Some "spout" more or less continuously; a few, such as "Old Faithful," are regular, and some, such as the "Giant" are rather spasmodic.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is an extraordinarily beautiful piece of Nature's handiwork. The gorge is from seven hundred to twelve hundred feet deep, and about seventeen hundred feet across. The cliff is a sheer rocky precipice and in many places is exquisitely col-



oured in the softest shades of pink, blue, yellow, lavender and green. The colours are not blotchy but look as though giant paint-pots had been spilled at the top of the canyon and the paints had run down, blending together in perfect harmony.

A visitor coming to Canada from the Pacific Ocean must receive a happy impression of our land. Victoria, frequently spoken of as a bit of Old England, is the quiet, dignified home of English remittance men who have found there a maritime climate congenial to them but rather different from that of Southern Ontario. There many have built beautiful homes, surrounded them with gardens and hidden them with shrubs and gates so that the inquisitive passer-by may catch only a glimpse of the mansion within.

In Vancouver one finds palatial steamers, hotels, giant trees and roses in men's buttonholes. Because of recent strikes among the longshoremen we were unable to visit the harbour or the Fraser Mills at New Westminster, but we did see Stanley Park, its Douglas firs and that big, hollow tree whose picture used to amaze us when we studied British Columbia in the geography book.

I had frequently heard of the Kicking Horse Pass and had visioned a deep defile in the mountains with the road running along in the very depth of it. To me it seemed that this would be the one safe part of the journey. I was unpleas-

antly surprised when I found that the road in a pass climbed up, up, much higher than in other places, frequently consisted of some planks projecting out of a sheer cliff and sometimes went through a short tunnel rudely cut out of the rock. I found too, however, that in the most terrifying spots, there were cheerful little flowers on the mountainside, if one only had eyes to see them.

Calgary was on holiday in the second week of July for it was the annual stampede when many of the more proficient cowboys and cowgirls from the surrounding district and even from the neighbouring states come to compete in the contests. For a spectator from the East, the events are full of thrills and excitement and he eagerly watches the wild steer-riding, the "broncho-busting" and chuck-wagon races.

The Western Provinces were not as flat as I had imagined but were quite rolling in some districts. One of the charms of the prairies is the wonderful sunset. For an hour or two after the sun has dipped below the horizon, the sky is painted in ravishing colours—gold and purple, saffron and rose. Perhaps this is the reason we speak of the "Golden West."

Yet, after all, "East, West—
Home's best!"

—DONNA CLEMENTS, V-B.

ROTHENBURG

HOW would you like to be whisked three hundred years into the past to visit a town, still as it was in the middle ages, inhabited by pleasant, long-whiskered gentlemen dressed in plumed hats, velvet doublets and polished pack boots? Impossible! you may say. Nevertheless it is possible. You can enjoy the customs, sights and amusements of a medieval town whenever you have the plea-

sure of visiting the ancient German hamlet of Rothenburg.

Rothenburg is a quaint, old city that has paid so little attention to the passing of time that it has scarcely changed since Columbus sailed westward across the Atlantic. What is more, the people realize that their city has become a priceless treasure and are doing everything possible to keep it in its original form.



When it is necessary to repair the buildings in the city the people take great care in doing this so as to leave the building in its original shape and appearance.

The city is walled and fortified. The walls are immense stone structures forty feet high. One may reach the top of the walls by means of stairways at the city gates. On top of the wall is a four foot wide path, covered with a roof that is open on the city side only. The outside wall, that resembles a breastwork, has many openings in it for the defenders to fire through. The Spitalbastic, a great bastion at the far side of the town is a perfect example of medieval defence. Its five-foot thick walls have wide and massive ramparts. There are some old muzzle-loading cannon in this bastion that are very well preserved. At one time there was a large water-filled moat around the town. This has been drained and much of the ground planted with trees and flowers to form beautiful gardens.

The buildings of the town are very ancient. They are quaint stone and wood structures with heavily timbered gables. Many of these gables hang out over the street. The roofs are very steep and in most cases covered with red tiles.

The town hall or Rathaus as it is called is a very interesting building. It was built in 1240 at a time when the people were paying a heavy war tax. If one wishes to view the town a very convenient way to do it is to ascend the tower of this building. The top of it is reached by means of a very long stairway. From the top can be seen the town nestling in the valley of the Tauber. Also the fortifications of the town can be seen very clearly from here.

Below the city hall are the torture chambers and dungeons. These places were the last word in horror. They contained many torture devices as the Rack and the Iron Maiden. In these torture chambers criminals were executed by the

sword until 1804.

The clocks of Rothenburg have become very well known. They are known because of the unique ways used to mark the hours. One clock shows an image of a man called Nusch that goes through the motions of drinking from a beaker. This scene records an ancient event in the history of Rothenburg. It happened that Rothenburg was captured by Marshal Tilly after a long siege. At first Tilly wanted all the members of the town council executed. However, his heart softened and he agreed to spare their lives if anyone of them could drain the town pokal, a wine beaker holding three quarts of wine. A man named Nusch accepted the challenge, drank, and much to everyone's astonishment he won, saving the lives of his fellow councillors.

After building the city hall and paying a war tax of 80,000 guldens (a guilder is about forty cents), the people of Rothenburg undertook to build the Jakobskirche, a high and handsome basilica. This building is decorated very beautifully within. The nave of the church is supported by twelve columns of unusual beauty in decoration. The basilica is built on the site of an old shrine. From this shrine it inherited a small crystal vial reputed to contain drops of the blood of Christ.

An interesting corner in this church is the tomb of Heinrich Toppler. This clever business man was burgomaster of Rothenburg at a very early time. The town owes much of its progress to this man's genius. The business ability of Toppler is shown when he added the nearby estates of some impoverished nobles to the city lands for a small price. He directed the building of much of the city wall. Besides being a business man he was a gambler. On his tomb are carved two dice, because he once cast dice with the Burgrave of Nuremberg for the possession of Rothenburg and won!



As we now turn to leave this romantic town we see on the city gates the Latin inscription—

*Pax Intransibis
Salus Exeuntibus*

—truly a pleasant parting salutation after seeing such a real fairy tale.

—ADRIAN McMANUS.

A BREAK IN THE USUAL RUN FROM LIVERPOOL TO THE EAST

THE usual run of the S.S. Bellerophon, a fifteen thousand ton ship of the Blue Funnel line of Liverpool was from the United Kingdom to Port Said through the Suez Canal and on to Colombo. From there we generally went to Penang and Singapore in the Malay Straits, there onto Manilla in the Philippine Islands. However, the bulk of our freight was mostly for Hong Kong and our final port on the outward run was Yokohama in Japan.

At certain times there is a demand for ships on the homeward run to carry Mohammedan pilgrims to Jedda, the port in the Red Sea for Mecca, the strine of the Prophet.

We received orders while in Hong Kong that we would take on board two thousand pilgrims at Singapore. When these orders were received all officers and men of the ship were vaccinated as a precaution against infection from the many natives.

Every Mohammadan must endeavor to make at least one pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet in his life. Often it takes the life savings and many, many weary months of travel and privation before they even board the ship at Singapore.

The pilgrims have accommodation on the lower decks but as the heat of the Red Sea is terrific they sleep above deck. Many Mohammedans bring their wives and around these build their luggage to make a room. They bring their own food consisting of vegetables and fruits in

vast quantities, also live chickens and goats. They take care of the cooking of this as it is against their religion to come in contact with the Christian in the matter of food. The food is cooked over small charcoal braziers and a certain amount of water is rationed out to them each day.

The run from Singapore to Jedda is usually sixteen days. When the pilgrims leave the ship they travel by caravan about eighty miles to Mecca. They are exploited at every turn by the Arabs once they leave the ship.

On board they are generally very docile and easily handled, most of their time being occupied by prayer. It is quite a sight to see them spread their praying mats, face Mecca, and go through their prayer ritual. I have often wondered what our reactions would be if our faith demanded such a journey, for it is no pleasure cruise, as the heat of the Red Sea is terrific. On one such voyage, two babies were born, but their mothers died. Twenty-four other deaths occurred, mostly elderly people for whom the ordeal was too much. Excitement runs high as we near Jedda, and for the ship's company, relief.

Taking the pilgrims back east on the outward trip is much worse, as they usually suffer from various ills and are more unruly, as the pilgrimage is over, but that would be another story.

MARY KNOX. 2-A.



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WHITE HOPE DISCOVERED

Hunter Has A Narrow Escape

Bring 'Em Back Alive Gallo-
way Has Harrowing Ex-
perience During Lec-
ture On Snakes

SARNIA, S.C.I. (Staff Reporter—Joe)—Yesterday afternoon that well-known little game hunter, Mr. Shad Galloway, had a very narrow escape from the clutches of the Grim Reaper. Mr. Galloway, fresh from hunting the rare rattlesnake "Reptilius Kutoinia" in the wilds of Punk Edward, displayed to several of the more brainy students of 316 a specimen of the reptile he had captured. The gigantic snake which was twelve inches in length if it was a foot, coiled around the brawny fist of the little hunter. When our photographer asked him for his picture, "Shad," the man of the hour, swelled with pride and expanding his monstrous chest to its limit seven eighths of an inch, held the deadly serpent before the candid camera.

Due to no fault of Mr. Galloway the reptile turned savagely on "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and sank his keen fangs into the first juicy morsel he could find—which was Mr. Galloway's thumb. Dropping the snake with amazing speed, Shad was able to get as far as the nearest chair before he collapsed. One of the students running to the nearest "Fountain" obtained some H₂O "vaccine for snake bite" which was hastily applied to the wound. Seeing his efforts were useless, the attending student gave an internal application of H₂O which immediately revived Mr. Galloway.

After this very unexpected interruption Mr. Shad Bring 'Em Back Alive Galloway continued his lecture.

S. C. I. TEACHER REVEALS FISTIC ABILITY—LANDS RIGHT TO THE JAW

(Special to Disturber)

SARNIA—A newcomer to the ranks of the fistic world was uncovered today by the Scouts from across the Tracks. A sudden right to the jaw brought to light a challenger for the Heavyweight Championship of the world.

Mr. A., the name that he has chosen in the "mitt" world, bewildered the scouts today as he landed his very effective, well-aimed right to the jaw of his opponent. Unknown until this morning this scrappy fellow will make a serious attempt to win the world crown.

Interviewed on the subject the shy and backward scrapper was quoted as saying—"Oh Gosh! T'weren't nothing."

Although it is not definitely known, it is rumoured that Mr. A. will begin training after Lent. When not training for his bouts Mr. A. is a member of the teaching staff of the Sarnia Collegiate and Techni-

cal School. It is said that he received his physical strength from handling large multiplication "tables" and "weights" and from working in his garden where he raises "square roots."

Viewed by some of the leading scribes this morning they say that his foot-work is amazing and his fast rhythmic swing at once showed his fighting qualities. However, without a doubt his form and grace would certainly be improved in fighting trunks and in the ring.

No match has yet been arranged by his masterful little manager, Knobby Walsh. It is understood that a return bout with Walker H., his victim this morning is desired by the latter who claims he was unjustly fouled. Although it appeared disastrous to his first victim, we feel assured that there has been discovered in Mr. A. one of the greatest "Hopes" of all times.

DID YOU KNOW?

1. If all the gum chewed by S. C. I. studs in February was struck together it would stretch.
2. If all the bricks in the school were laid end to end there wouldn't be any high school.
3. If Keelan looked up his family tree he'd get hit with a coconut.
4. Mr. O'Donohue's criticisms are about as useful as kilts to a window cleaner.
5. In a cleaning shop, the work is hard only in spots.
6. Dentists are people who bore you to tears.
7. If a speed-cop threatens to overtake you, a myth is as good as a mile.
8. The hardest thing about a diamond is getting one.
9. People who eat at filling stations are apt to have gas on the stomach.
10. The reign of Edward VIII might well be called a shower.

Order Wreaths for Coming
Soda Lights Dance at Joe's

Buy Navy Cut and Spit
Battleships



EDITORIAL

The editors have looked around
To bring this news to you;
And everything that they have
found

Is pretty nearly true;
But if it's not, it's just in fun
Please take it as a joke,
Because the work that has
been done

Was done by just school folk.
The articles and other things
Took quite a time to do;
And so we hope this section
brings

A smile or two from you.

Do all your yawning at home
because if you aren't experi-
enced in the art of balancing
on a window sill you are liable
to fall out on your nose, in Mr.
Mendizabal's class.

The school was well repre-
sented at the Curling Rink
Feb. 26th when Miss Burriss
and her favorite commercial
pupil advertised "Educational
Week." Where does Miss Bur-
riss get all her ideas, we would
like to know, so we could get
on the Major Bowes' Program.

I guess that Mr. Asbury
thought there was a sud-
den epidemic around the
school the other afternoon
when the members of the Ju-
venile Hockey team stream-
ed in after excused slips. Even
the mascot got away with it—
eh. Paul?

TO-DAY'S CROSS- WORD PUZZLE

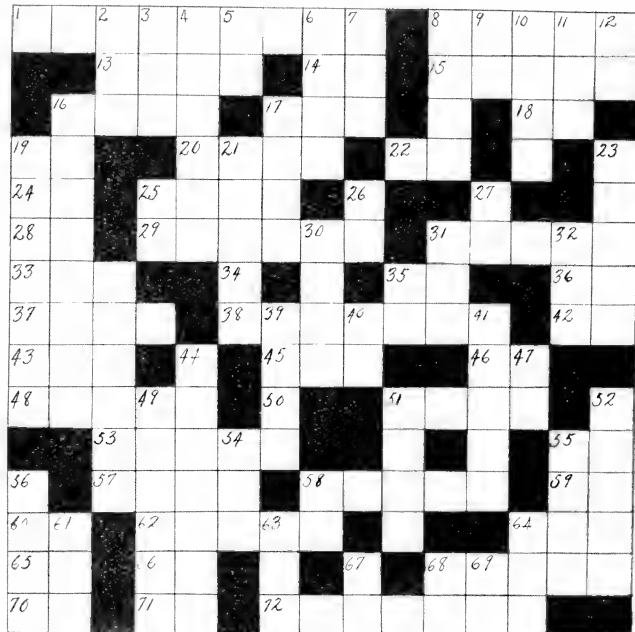
ACROSS

- 1 A dollar watch, otherwise
George —
- 8 A great orator and often a
colour
- 13 A precious stone
- 14 Union Act (abb.)
- 15 Act of making one
- 16 Eleanor is — with Neil
- 17 Well known Indian expres-
sion
- 18 North West (abb.)
- 19 When Guy and Mary see
Errol Flynn they sigh —
- 20 If after lunch he takes
Tums you will see that
he —
- 22 Air when heated goes —
- 24 Six foot four; for from the
floor, has anybody seen
my —
- 25 Give him enough — and
he'll hang himself
- 28 Mining Engineer (abb.)
- 29 Polite or refined
- 31 Thelma writes — to friends
- 33 Royal Pink Mutt (abb.)
- 35 Tommy heard a lot of these
in his search for ads
- 37 He is well known in Jr.
House League basketball
- 38 With chalk on his clothes
and hair in his eyes, he's
a well known character of
the S. C. I.

DOWN

- 2 A baby expression
- 3 Educated Pink Pupils (abb.)
- 4 A — of bacon probably
- 5 Solicitor Law (abb.)
- 6 Gabby has raised a lonely
pair of —
- 7 Comes after Soh
- 8 A promontory caused by a
blow on the skull
- 9 Abb. for a graduate of a
hospital
- 10 A sound given by a pig
- 11 Ed. Powell's favorite ex-
pression
- 12 Double order of the four-

- teenth letter of the alpha-
bet
- 16 He is Wendall Hall's under-
study
- 17 Describing the sound from
Mr. Dobbin's horn
- 19 Our neighbours across the
river live in —
- 21 Centre of a sun spot
- 23 Known as Claude
- 25 8th and 21st letters of al-
phabet
- 26 Old English for you
- 27 A river in Italy
- 30 It is against the law to go
around in the —
- 31 Girls like — clothes
- 32 We hate to see this part of
assembly
- 35 A pronoun
- 39 A substance used in mak-
ing modernistic signs
- 40 Royal Lancers (abb.)
- 41 The cleaner's daughter
- 44 Marge — is quite a skat-
er?
- 47 A famous baseball organi-
zation (abb.)
- 49 — of London
- 51 Gooly's specialty is —
- 52 Jack and Mary are on the
— program
- 54 Ezra's Killer Pills (abb.)
- 55 Never a — moment in 4B
- 56 Albie Rosen is a —
- 58 Always
- 61 Used in fishing
- 63 English beer joint
- 64 Abb. for Mr. Dennis' de-
scription of Hossie—"Elus-
ive, Listless Shirker"
- 67 In riding a horse you are
either — or off
- 68 Pronoun he
- 69 Ed's Rhythm (abb.)





LIGHTER VEIN

Mr. Ritchie's old car rattled up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty cents," said the toll keeper.

"Sold," cried Mr. Ritchie.

Mr. Dent: "Rankin, what is a nitrate?"

Rankin, after pondering over the word for some time: "A nitrate is the rate they charge for telegrams at night."

Mr. Asbury: "You ought to have been here at nine o'clock."

Schaefer: "Why, what happened?"

Kirk (in grocery store): "How much are eggs?"

Clerk: "Good ones forty cents, cracked ones twenty-five cents a dozen."

Bill: "Well, crack me two dozen."

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with him on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yes, all six of them."

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Gus, "they are all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

"Treat 'em rough."—Henry VIII.

"Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.

"So this is Paris."—Helen of Troy.

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."—Columbus.

"I'm strong for you kid."—Samson.

"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.

"It floats."—Noah.

"The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.

Dxar Sir:—

Your typxwritxr which you sxnt mx has no lxttr "x".

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Jane Cowan's voice, after having enjoyed a few weeks of not being able to answer questions in class.

LOST—Corle Gort's accent. If found will finder please keep it a secret.

LOST—The other six subjects that June Murray started to take at the first of the year.

FOUND—An Elephant Trunk. Will Kay Glynn please bring her father's master key to open it.

HANNA'S HELPFULL HINTS

Dear Hanna:

My uncle Ignats has been troubled with moths of late in the closets. We would like your advice as to how we can rid ourselves of them.

Faithfully,
Ambitious Alphy.

Dear "Alph":

Try throwing moth balls at them as I understand you are quite a baseball pitcher. However, if that doesn't help tell your friends that its fashionable to get religious and wear "holy" clothes.

H. H.

Dear Helpfull:

I find that I have so many books to carry home that I always have a very sore right shoulder afterwards. Can you tell me how to remedy this?

Suffering Sal.

Dear Sal:

My knowledge about this certain ailment is very vague as I can't recall ever doing any homework. But since you are one in a million I'll give you the following advice as no one else is using it now. Do more homework. If you have both arms full of books there will be more balance and therefore you will not notice the weight on one arm alone. In fact both your shoulders will be so numb you will feel nothing.

H. H.

Dear Helpfull Hanna:

How and when are fish best served? When I go out with a boy should I take his arm?

G. I. Wonder.

Dear G. I.:

1. Fish are best served on a plate at mealtime, you nit-wit. Do I have to tell you everything? 2. This is not an etiquette column (but if you ask the boy to bring a friend I'll join you and simply show-er you with hints).

H. H.

Social and Personal

Mr. Mendizabal's form spent a very enjoyable evening at the school the other night. The party was especially appreciated by Bunt Murray who wonders now if it was given to him because he was leaving the school.

Mr. Stewart Hossie is spending the weekend by Burns' Church at the home of his parents. After returning from his vacation last week at Burns' Church he is quoted as saying: "I had a swell time but it wasn't there."

Dear Hanna:

I am going to bake a cake and have no recipe. Will you please tell me how?

Yours truly,
N. O. Cook.

Dear Miss Cook:

Here is our best recipe for Devilish Food Cake.
Gentle Hints for Awkward House Wives

Devilish Food Cake

by Innotta Kook

1 bag Portland cement
1 shovel of Epsom Salts
10 lbs. sugar lead
1 gal. water
1 gross (that's a dozen) eggs
(1 year old)
2 boxes sun tan face powder
(Lady Aster's)
6½ cans axel grease (used preferred)

Directions:

Sift cement through any old rusty door screen (rust gives added tang), add the Epsom Salts. Mess up axel grease thoroughly; while mixing add eggs (minus shells) and sugar of lead. Fill a large mixing bowl (if mixing bowl is not available, a cement mixer will do). Then add former mixture to the latter and the result will kill you (literally). Beat and bang. I mean batter, the mixture thoroughly until it becomes herto-homogeneous. Grease your pan thoroughly and dust with face powder. Bake in reinforced oven at a modern temperature of Re for p (n-1) hrs. If this cake seems slightly heavy add 10 lbs. of chicken feathers to lighten it. To frost, sprinkle top with water and place in refrigerator over night. When cool, cut into dainty slices with coal chisel or air spade and serve with bicarbonate of soda and Tums.

Dear Helpfull Hann:

We have been troubled around our place by colds. What would you advise me to do about it as I have been going around with a cold in my head for the past week?

Sniffing.

Dear Sniffing:

I have just consulted Doctors Nichodemus James Law and Edward Cornelius Powell, those two well-known pathologists of the S.C.I. After much deliberation, deduction, penetration and concentration, they have decided the three chief reasons for colds are—(1) standing in a draught, (2) sitting in a draught, (3) lying in a draught. Also these two great medicine-men advise strongly the use of your handkerchief.

H. H.



MOOCHER

(By Doug Welsh)

Question: Now as I understand it Mr. Gooch, you are what is called a cigarette moocher?

Answer: Yeah. I don't buy any.

Q. How do you operate, Mr. Gooch? Do you just ask people for cigarettes?

A. Naw, that's just bumming. I mooch 'em—I use psychology. Suppose I see a guy take out a package. I say, "Boy, that reminds me. I'm fresh out of cigarettes." The other guy nearly always says: "Won't you have one of mine?"

Q. But suppose he doesn't?

A. Well, if the guy is tough, I work the decoy-package trick on him. As soon as he lights up, I pull out an empty package and look surprised when I don't see nothing in it. I shake it, and feel around in it with my finger. Then I say, "Well, by golly, I thought I had one, but I guess someone else got it before I did."

Q. And if that doesn't work?

A. Well then I whip out a match and light the other guy's cigarette for him and look at it all the time like I wished I had one.

Q. But supposing he's too tough even to fall for that one?

A. Then I give him the works. I take out a cigarette of my own and drop it on the floor.

Q. You mean you actually have a cigarette of your own?

A. Yes, but I only have to carry one, and I can use that plenty of times. I don't never smoke it. I just drop it on the floor and say, "Doggone it, there goes my last cigarette." Then the other guy offers me one of his and when he ain't looking I pick up mine to use another time.

—Reader's Digest.

TODAY'S LATIN LESSON

Boyibus kissibus sweeta galorum.
Girlibus likibus, wanta someorum;
Fatheribus hearibus sweeta kissorum,
Kickibus boyibus outa the doorum.

Today's Quotations

From S.C.I. Curb and Gutter

Stocks—

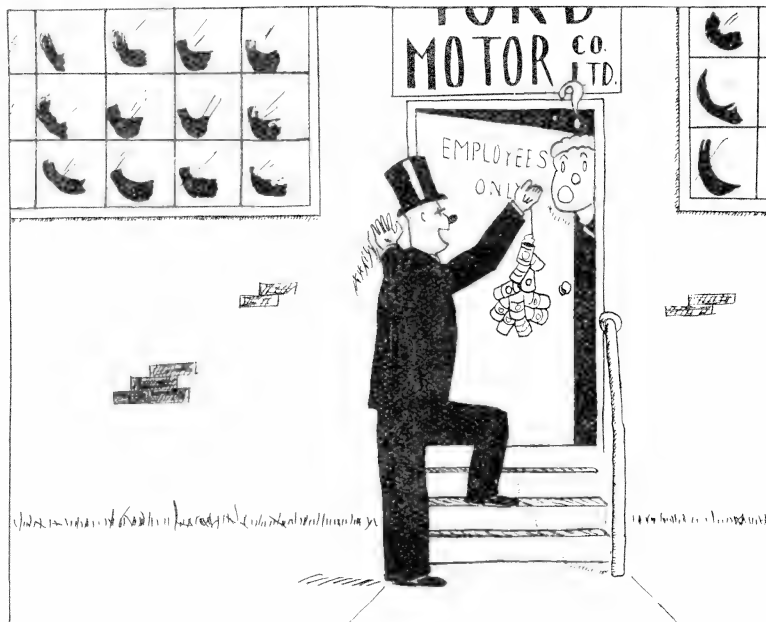
Amal. Corsets	5	.6
Consol. Face Rag	104 7/9	.956
Sarnia Glue	45 6	76/6
Can. Dynamite	-850	-850
U.S. Submarine	5x	3y
Inter. Ink.	11r	11r3

COMMENTS

By O. U. Chisler

To-day trading was very light on our market (as usual). Amalgamated Corsets seem to be holding their own, but we believe that there must be some strings being pulled because of the fine showing of the stock. Consolidated Face Rag is a wash-out and the future looks pretty black for International Ink. Canadian Dynamite went over with a big bang with the shareholders and to-day U. S. Submarine hit a new low—8500F and due to the pressure being exerted on it, it is believed by your commentator that it will not rise again. Our tip to-day is to stick to Sarnia Glue as it appears to be going places (especially on stamps and such).

TO-DAY'S CARTOON



Make Me a Model T (hic) Pleash!



AT THE RITZ

CAST	
Junior Schaeffer	in.....The Holy Terror
Frances Walley	in.....One in a Million
Hossie	in.....The Plainsman
Neil & Eleanor	in.....Romeo & Juliet
Robert Nash	in.....The Thin Man
Janie Cowan	in.....The Littlest Rebel
Mr. Dennis	in.....Tarzan Escapes
Ed. Hueston	in.....The Great Guy
Scoop Hueston	in.....Big Broadcast
Ike Ingersoll	in.....3 Men on a Horse
Kay Taylor	in.....Born to Dance
The Kirks	in.....Two in Trouble
Front Walk	in.....The Road to Glory
Ken Coleman	in.....The Little Minister

LOONEY TUNES

....The "Girl on the Police Gazette" was having "Tea On the Terrace" with an "Old Cow Hand" who had "Plenty of Money." "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland" he inquired.

Yes, she was known from "Coast to Coast" as the "Swamp Fire" girl from "Way Down Upon the Swannee River," she replied.

I may be from the "Lone Prairie" "Sybil" but "You're the Top" with me, "No Foolin'" he said as he started doing the "Uptown Lowdown" to the tune of "Jazz Nocturne."

I think "You're Laughing At Me" "YouM iser You," but if you'll "Come Around in a Taxi Honey" "About a Quarter to Nine" we'll go to the "Little Bamboo Bridge" "On Park Avenue" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" "Rap Tap on Wood," she replied.

Well, I'm "Goonie Goo" so "Let's Put Our Heads Together" and "Have a Fine Romance" said "Two-Buck Tim from Tim Buck Too" as he "Tip-toed Through the Tulips" by the light of a "Rainbow on the River."

"Good-night My Love" she called "Softly" as the boy passed "Mr. Picanniny" "At the Garden Gate" where "This Year's Crop of Kisses" were blowing.

POETRY

I'm ending this humility,
This wormish, soft servility;
From now on I'm hard and wise,
Enslaved no more by dusky eyes.
No more shall pretty marionettes
Number me among their pets.
The way they treat you is a sin . . .
Say, who's that blonde that just came in?

I eat my peas with honey,
I did it all my life;
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

SHORT STORY

The question arose in my mind should I go at it slowly or get it over with quickly. Once again I looked out into the cold and dreary space. In those moments before I took the final leap I thought over all the things that had happened to me the previous night. My courage left me but soon returned when I thought of the reason for this cruel thing I was about to do. Far off I could hear the distant toll of a bell, and then, holding my breath, I jumped out of bed onto the cold floor of my bedroom.

Buy Mail-Pouch and Spit the Letters

SLIPS

One of the main causes of lust is janitors.

Bookkeeping is the silent art of not returning books.

The imperfect tense is used in French to express a future action in past time, which does not take place. (With French teacher please take special note).

"Etc." is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.

An octopus is a cat with eight sides.

A beacon is a mass of inflammable material placed in a prominent position to warn people.

In United States people are put to death by "elocution."

The Objective of "He" is "She."

FASHION NOTES

Without stretching it, a fashion expert predicts that rubber bathing suits will be less in evidence this summer . . . A bathing suit made of glass is the latest idea for beach wear . . . That just goes to show you . . . Wearing thumb tacks in place of studs is the latest novelty, started by our illustrious Mr. Brown.

JUNIOR'S REVIEW

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Galvak-ing in the woods. She had Fleming red hair and so was called Goldilocks. Now as she was Bolton thru these woods she came upon a tiny Hueston a clearing. The Kees were under the mat so she walked in.

The three bears—Papa, Mama and Baby Bear—who lived here, had gone to Kirk without even taking time to eat their porridge which they left cooling on the table.

Goldilocks started to Dyble in the porridge dishes but Baby Bear's was the only one that would Kovel with her; so she ate till she could eat no Moore. Then she decided to sit down awhile. First she tied Papa Bear's chair but as it was too big she said, "The Dickson with that chair I'll Finan other." Then she tried Mama Bear's chair but exclaimed "I Kent sit in this chair." So she ran to Baby Bear's chair but alas her Shanks were too big and she broke it all to pieces.

"Perry well" she lisped, "I'll go to bed." She ran upstairs, first trying Papa Bears bed but jumped up saying, "Oh, its Gutteridge in it." The only bed that would Doucher justice was Baby Bear's, so she got in and fell asleep.

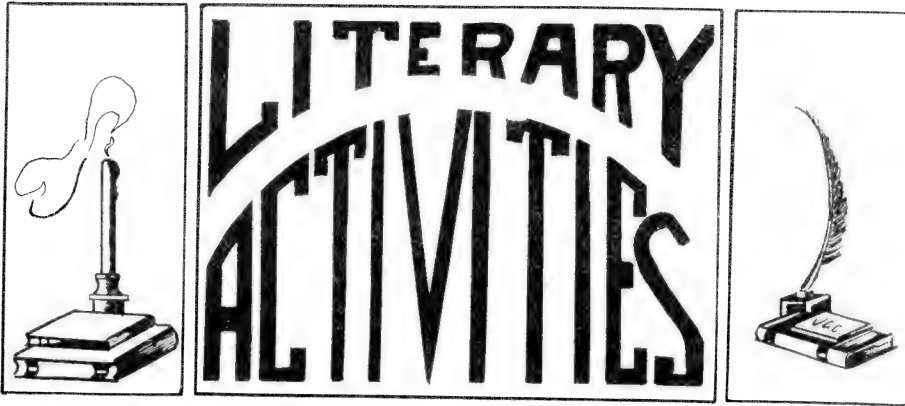
Meanwhile the Bears ca' Mainwaring their Sunday best. Discovering a sinister presence Papa growled "Wilson Knowles what's been Doochan around here," and he ran upstairs.

Goldilocks awakened with the Chivers as it was Eveland row and getting cooler. Hearing the Bears she said, "I have Macmillan mistakes; I shouldn't have l'ngersol long here. Now I diina Kennedy way home. (She war a verra Scotch lassie!)

Jumping out the window she ran into the woods leaving Papa Chapman he let the window fall on his Thorpe paw.

—Kay Taylor,
—Jane Cowan.

Is it true that Jack Mackenzie in 3B started going ga ga over some girl and later found out she was about seven years old?



COMMENCEMENT

ON the evening of Dec. 22, 1936, the Annual Commencement Exercises of the school were held in the Collegiate Auditorium.

This occasion, as Mr. Asbury suggested, affords excellent opportunity for parents and friends of the pupils to attend and familiarize themselves with the work during the year.

During the program, which began at 8 o'clock, W. J. Batten, Chairman of the Board of Education, gave a brief introductory address. The valedictory address was delivered by Raymond Coveney, who, because of his departmental record at the June examinations, ranked for six scholarships offered by the University of Western Ontario, and was awarded the one in General Proficiency consisting of a cash award of \$100 and free tuition for four years valued at \$600. In the same examinations, he also won the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County valued at \$100.

A review of cadet activities was given

by Jack Clunie, and a feature of the program was the presentation of the Wossa crests to the championship rugby team.

Angus Lott won the D. M. Grant Scholarship valued at \$50, which was founded by the Board of Education in 1926. The Scholarship is given for superior standing during the third and fourth years of the Collegiate course. Winners of the T. F. Towers Scholarships for superior standing in the High School Entrance Examinations were:—Eloise Tredwell, Jessie Allingham, Ernest Banks and Joseph Ehman.

Principal F. C. Asbury reviewed the past school year and diplomas were presented to the graduating class. Awards and emblems won in the production of the "Collegiate" were presented by Jean Phillips, Associate Editor.

Musical selections by the Senior Orchestra, under the direction of W. E. Brush and a euphonium solo by Bill Whiting helped make the program a pleasant one.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

A KEEN interest has been shown in the Wossa Public Speaking Contest this year:—a characteristic to especially note in the Junior members of the school.

Because of the excellent quality of all the speeches it was difficult for the judges to make a decision. Hazel Windover and Miles Vokes won first place among the



first form contestants. Other representatives for the district were: Junior Girls', Jane Spice, speaking on "An Interesting City — Rome." Junior Boys', Bill Andrew, using "The History of Radio," as his subject.

Although neither the Senior Boys or Girls were successful in winning the final contest they too made a good showing.

Teraise East represented the Senior Girls, speaking at Sarnia, with "The Foundations of Friendship" as her subject. In the Senior Boys' contest Norman Brown represented the school, speaking in London with "Can a Nation Live to Itself?" as his topic for discussion.

The *Collegiate* wishes to congratulate all contestants on their splendid attempts.



SENIOR DEBATING CLUB

Back row: B. Nash, E. Chivers, W. Doohan, K. Rooney, D. LeSueur, S. Lott, D. Asbury, I. Zeirler.

Middle row: D. Bowden, C. Gort, M. MacNeill, C. Wareham, Mr. Payne, N. Brown, L. Hamilton, K. Hayes, V. Hanmore.

Front row: A. McKeown, K. Glynn, M. Fergie, Miss Howden, H. Morrison, H. Heller, M. Keelan, L. Jones.

INTER-FORM DEBATING

The Lions Club Shield was again the reward of the winning class in inter-form debating. No Wossa debaters were allowed to participate in these debates. There were three speakers on each team, the first speaker on each side was allowed to give a rebuttal at the conclusion of

his side's discussion.

Nearly all the senior forms of the school were represented and the final round was between T-3 and 3-C. T-3 won the debate and they were awarded the shield.



GIRLS' WOSSA DEBATING CHAMPIONS

Back row: M. Fergie, K. Glynn, Mr. Asbury, I. Mendizabal, L. Jones.
Front row: M. Keelan, H. Heller, H. Morrison, A. McKeown, Miss Howden.

SENIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Payne. President—Helen Morrison
Vice-President—Kathryn Hayes. Secretary—Norman Brown.
Girls' Coach—Miss Howden.

Flash!—The Senior Public Speaking and Debating Club has upheld its usual high standard this year. With Miss Heller Morrison as president, the first girl to take the chair since the club has been organized, it has had many lively and interesting debates. We congratulate her on her excellent work during her term of office.

The customary system of Parliamentary Debating was used throughout the year, giving each member a chance to express their views on the resolution. The subjects the club has dealt with this year have been as much as possible in the in-

terest of all the pupils of the school. It has debated such subjects as: "Resolved: That the S. C. I. & T. S. should withdraw from all W. O. S. S. A. activities" and "Resolved: That the girls of the S. C. I. & T. S. should be compelled to wear school uniforms." Debates on these important subjects proved to be both peppy and helpful.

The club was fortunate this year to have at one of its meetings the Rev. Mr. Milroy, a man who has taken an active part in debating and public speaking himself. Mr. Milroy gave the club a talk on the Ethics of Debating.

BOYS' WOSSA DEBATES

Although the boys lacked the few points which would have put them in the

finals, they made brave attempts and presented many well-handled debates.



The first Boys' Wossa debate was held at Chatham in November. Kenneth Rooney and Norman Brown upheld the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved: That the evils of the party system are greater than its benefits." Dick LeSueur and Stuart Lott debated on the negative side at home. The decision was given to Chatham in both places with a very small margin.

On the 1st of December they boys debated with Walkerville Collegiate on the subject "Resolved: That Canadian Confederation has not been a success." At

Walkerville Isaac Zierler and Elmer Chivers were defeated but Cyril Wareham and Donald Bowden won the decision at home.

At St. Thomas Collegiate Elmer Chivers and Cyril Wareham were unsuccessful in upholding the affirmative side of "Resolved: That the Central Bank should be completely government owned." Robert Nash and Dick LeSueur, however, won the negative at home.

The boys were capable of handling all subjects well and we congratulate them on their splendid efforts.



GIRLS' WOSSA DEBATES

CONGRATULATIONS! This year the girls of the school not only reached the finals but also were fortunate enough to win for the first time since the club has been organized, the Wossa Championship, thus receiving the Women's Canadian Club Shield, formerly held by London Central Collegiate. We are particularly proud of the fact that we had as our president, Miss Helen Morrison, the first girl president since the club was organized.

The girls made a stalwart beginning when, in November, they split honours with London Central, debating the subject: "Resolved: that students should definitely decide upon occupations before leaving high school." Helen Heller and Kay Glynn were unsuccessful in winning in London but Helen Morrison and Margaret Keelan won the negative at home.

In the early part of December, Alice McKeown and Catherine O'Connor were successful in upholding the affirmative of "Resolved: that the newspaper has more influence than the radio." Lenore Jones and Isobel Mendizabal were not as successful though, losing the negative side at home.

The hard work and keen interest of the debaters was crowned with success

when the final girls' Wossa debate for the year took place between London Central and Sarnia on Wednesday, March 10. The subject under discussion was "Resolved: that private individuals contribute more to the development and improvement of the world than do statesmen and professional reformers." Margaret Keelan and Alice McKeown represented the school at London in the afternoon while Helen Morrison debated the negative at home in the evening.

The girls debating in London were successful in winning the affirmative side of the question by a small margin and the girls debating the negative also won.

However, all the honour should not be attributed to the debaters in the final contest but also to those who paved the way to these honours participating in the semi-finals. This year's success we feel is also due to the encouragement and coaching of Miss Howden and Mr. Payne, as well as the practice received in weekly meetings.

The judges were Dr. W. F. Lamblyn from Western University, Mr. A. F. Bartlett and Mr. W. L. Brown. In giving the decision Mr. Bartlett congratulated the debaters on the high calibre of their speeches.

Galpin



Ted Galpin



JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB

Back row: R. LeSueur, J. Newton, J. Ehman, T. Galpin, Mr. Watson, W. Kewley, L. McIntyre, S. Ehman, T. Davies.
Front row: H. Windover, A. Jamieson, J. Naylor, M. Stirrett, E. Treadwell, R. Mustard, H. Jones, J. Shirley.

JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Watson. President—Bill White.
Vice-President—Ted Galpin. Secretary—Florence Benson.

The Junior Public Speaking and Debating Club had a very successful year under the supervision of Mr. Watson. The club lays an excellent foundation for progress in both debating and public speaking for pupils in both First and Second Form.

The debates have been interesting and well handled by members of the club. Practice was given in public speaking in both prepared and impromptu speeches. This year the club has used the Parliamentary System of Debating which has proven very satisfactory.





ON LOOKING INTO SHAKESPEARE

IRENE CASE, 3-C.

SINCE most people are interested in the theatre, a discussion of its early history should prove interesting.

When the youth from Stratford first reached London and became a member of the company at Globe Theatre, drama had just blazed into popularity in England. Nobleman, favoured by Queen Elizabeth, had their own companies of boy and men actors who performed in the courtyards and inns, before an audience, standing in the balconies about the court. In 1576 James Burbage built the first London theatre. Circular, open to the sky, save for the gallery roof, it was an inn courtyard without the inn. Other theatres were built and were named after these inns. They stood in fields outside the city proper. At Shakespeare's death in 1616, five or six theatres, public and private, were in constant use. The public

theatres, such as the "Globe Theatre" of which Shakespeare was manager, had open tops. They were used only in summer, and gave performances by daylight. The private theatres, usually smaller and more exclusive, were made of wood with brick foundations and were used only in winter.

The year 1923 was the three hundredth anniversary of the first publication of Shakespeare's collected plays. Let us go back some three hundred years, and visit an English town, on the day of a theatre performance. Let us go down to theatre centre. A little knot of men has gathered outside the theatre to read with interest, the bill that has just been posted: "The most excellent Historie of 'The Merchant of Venice.' With the extreame crueltie of Shylock, the Jew, towards the sayd merchant in cutting a pound of his



flesh and the obtaining of Portia by the choise of three chests."

Having read this thrilling announcement members of the group hurry home to their families and make arrangements to attend the afternoon performance. About two o'clock, a banner is run up from the staff over the theatre and at three o'clock, three trumpet calls proclaim to all the world "that most Excellent Historie was about to be shown." But most of the patrons would be at the theatre by noon to secure a good position and to enjoy the music which would play for about two hours before the play began.

May I invite you to go to a show with me in the year 1623?

Entering the door a few minutes past noon, we drop our shillings in the box, and find ourselves in an auditorium having little resemblance to 1937 theatres. The orchestra floor is the pit where the groundlings stand (there are no seats). The sidewalks have three galleries, the lowest one railed off into boxes. The stage extends out into the pit and this particular theatre has neither curtain nor footlights. Back of it is a structure which looks like a house of three storeys; also an inner stage. The orchestra is already in place in the gallery beside the stage. We make our way through the jostling crowd of groundlings and take our place in a box. A gatherer immediately comes to collect three shillings extra per person, which we must pay for the privilege of occupying the best seats.

The stage is peopled even now, two hours before the play. No, not with actors, but with men of fashion who have purchased seats upon the stage and have brought the ladies of their choice. Some of the latter are seated upon three-legged stools. Others on the laps of the gallants sit or lie in the rushes that cover the boards. They fan themselves, accept pipes of perfumed tobacco, and lounge

gracefully, hoping that the eyes of the audience are upon them, for they have bought these seats not so much to observe the players as to be the better observed themselves. Some of the groundlings are playing cards, eating nuts, nibbling at apples and throwing the cores about. They romp, riot, and ogle.

The orchestra begins to play. This is the "first music," and is followed by the "second music" and then the "third music" or "curtain tune," which ushers in the play. The musicians play between acts and for the "jig" which follows the regular performance. We shall not stay for this jig, for truth to tell, it would shock you. The play itself is often so broad that pretty ladies in their boxes hurriedly don their masks and retreat behind gorgeous fans.

As the curtain music begins you may see several persons leave the theatre. There are curious rules regarding admission and refunds. If a spectator leaves before the play begins, his admission fee is refunded. If one enters during an act and leaves before it is over (even if one minute before) his admission is returned to him. Those who come in after the third act pay only half price. Very poor young men often manage to see an entire play for only a few pennies.

Costumes are queer. Maidens (boys in reality) always wear white. A hero wears fur and a heroine wears diamonds and gloves. Murderers have whitened faces and black periwigs. Before a character is to be slain, a tireman rushes out and spreads a cloth to save the costume from soiling. As the play progresses, others appear with placards announcing "this is a Court-room" or "a street in Venice." These are the only clues to the change of scene.

In the middle of the last act there is a great noise and amid cries of "Pick-pocket! Pick-pocket!!" a man is hustled upon the stage and tied to a post. Then



from all parts of the pit, a rain of nutshells, half-eaten apples, and empty ale bottles fall upon him. The actors stop in their lines and join the crowd about the wretch.

At the end of each act a tireman snuffs the candles in the chandeliers, which hang from the ceiling. If a play runs for nine

performances, it is a success. William Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" has played many time and always draws a crowd.

And now we leave the theatre well pleased with our afternoon's entertainment.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST

P. GIBB, 4-A

CHARACTERS

Hettie }
 Essie } Great aunts
 Mary—their grand neice
 Jerry—the roomer

SCENE

A typical parlour in an old-fashioned home. A carpet is on the floor. At the left of the stage is a horse-hair sofa. At the right is a sideboard with many different coloured plates on it. There is a table in the centre of the stage on which is a centerpiece, a lamp and two work baskets. There are two rocking chairs, one on each side of the table. There is a straight-backed chair near the sideboard. Admission is at centre back of stage. Curtain rises to reveal two old maids seated in the rocking chairs. At the throat of their high-necked dresses each has clasped a large ornate hair brooch. They are industriously working on some embroidery. Mary, a modern girl of about eighteen, enters. Something seems to have upset her and she does not know which Aunt to address.

Mary: Er, there is a gentleman calling who wants to know if he can have a room here for a few weeks.

Great Aunt Hattie (horrified): A roomer in this house! I should say not. Send him about his business at once. Do you hear me?

Mary: Yes, Aunt Hettie.

Great Aunt Essie: Oh, Mary, tell the gentleman to come in. I am sure we will be delighted to let him have a room for a few weeks. Of course we will. (She says this in honeyed tones with a triumphant glance at Hettie.)

Mary goes out and returns shortly with a good-looking young man.

G. A. Hettie: Hum . . . !

G. A. Essie: Good morning, young man. We will gladly let you have a room for . . .

G. A. Hettie (interrupting): Ten dollars a week will be sufficient.

G. A. Essie (haughtily): Five dollars a week is the price. Pay no attention to what she says young man.

G. A. Hettie: He will pay attention to what I say if he stays here, my dear Esmerelda. Have you any credentials young man?

G. A. Hettie (not wanting Essie to get ahead of her): Mary, you look at the gentlemen's credentials and entertain till his room is ready.

Mary: Yes, Aunt Hettie.

(The aunts exit).

Mary (looks at his credentials when Jerry hands them to her): Your name is Jeremy Wayne and you come from Smithville. Well, I guess we can trust you, Mr. Wayne.

Jerry: Oh, just call me Jerry. Say, the old girls don't seem to get along so well do they?

Mary: Mr. Wayne, please do not re-



fer to my aunts as "old girls."

Jerry: All right. Come on; break down and tell old Jerry all about it.

Mary: Well, I am just dying to tell someone. It really is so queer (and her voice dropped to a very confidential tone). They were about twenty or thereabouts when they both fell for the same man. Aunt Hettie says he liked her the better, gave her that brooch and swore to be true to her forever. Aunt Essie asserts the same only she says that the lock of hair in Aunt Hettie's brooch is a fake. And the one in hers is really a lock from the man's own head. They haven't agreed on one thing since the eventful day.

Jerry: Well! I never! You're not fooling me, are you?

Mary: Please don't let on I told you, Mr. Wayne, or they would never forgive me. It is their secret sorrow.

Jerry: I promise.

(Aunt Hettie and Aunt Essie come in).

Hettie: Your room is ready young man. We will excuse you.

Essie: Come, I will conduct you to it.

(She goes out, followed by Jerry, and Hettie and Mary are left alone on the stage. Hettie seats herself in her rocking chair and seems puzzled about something. She acts as if she is going to speak to Mary but seems to change her mind. A few moments pass and Essie returns. She goes over and sits in her rocking-chair and takes up her work again. Mary starts to leave the stage but she is stopped by Hettie).

Hettie: Er-r-r Mary?

Mary: Yes, Aunt Hettie.

Hettie: What was the man's name?

Mary: Jeremy Wayne.

Hettie and Essie (together): Jeremy Wayne! Impossible!

Mary: But it is not impossible. His name is Jeremy Wayne.

Hettie (to Essie): Of course there could be a mistake.

Essie: Of course. (To Mary): Go and tell the young man to please come here at once.

Mary: Yes, Aunt Essie. (She goes out and returns almost at once with Jerry Wayne).

Hettie: Is your name Jeremy Wayne?

Jerry: Yes, ma'am. I was named after my illustrious grandfather, Jeremy Warren Wayne.

Hettie and Essie (almost shrieking): Jeremy Warren Wayne!

Jerry: Yes, what is so terrible about that?

Hettie: My Jerry who promised to be true to me forever.

Essie: My Jerry who swore to be true to me forever.

Hettie and Essie (together): Oh, how could he? The brute!

(Mary and Jerry looked at the Aunts as if they thought they had suddenly taken leave of their wits. Then looking at each other they realized the situation. They were further astonished to see Aunt Essie stand up, remove the brooch and throw it to the floor. Hettie did the same. Then they embraced each other).

Hettie: Dear sister, forgive me. He was nothing to me.

Essie: No! No! dear Hettie, you must forgive me.

Jerry: Yes, Aunt Hettie, forgive her.

Mary: Of course, Aunt Essie forgive her.

The curtain falls slowly.



DO GOOD TO THOSE THAT HATE YOU

JANET HAYES, 2-A

CHARACTERS

Kathleen O'Hare

Bridget O'Shay

Michael Page

SCENE

A small but nicely furnished cottage in Northern Ireland. Kathleen O'Hare and her Aunt Bridget O'Shay are sitting by the fire. Entrance is at the back.

Kathleen: Aunt Bridget, the sound of those guns in the distance, sends chills down my spine.

Bridget: Yes, my dear and think of the poor lads out there fighting for us, for you, Kathleen.

Kathleen: Poor Barnie, and Maurie, they were so young to go to war. I wonder if they are safe. If brother Larrie is killed I'll lead the armies against the English until everyone of those blarsted devils are wiped out.

Bridget: Here, here, Kathleen, don't take on so. Think of the poor English mothers with their lads away fighting.

Kathleen: Well, they started the war. Just because we wouldn't give up our rights. It serves them right if all their lads were wiped off Ireland.

Bridget: But Kathleen, remember your poor mother, ach—but she was the dearest one on earth. When she died she said "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you," and Kathleen you said to her, "dear mother I will, and shall remember you in doing so."

Kathleen: But Aunt, how can you love someone, who is perhaps killing your brother or dearest friend? Mother would understand. She loved her country as I do, and she loved England but, if England killed her own boy she wouldn't say "do good to those who hate you."

Bridget: Kathleen, if an English sold-

ier, wounded and bleeding, came to your door, ye couldn' send him away. Could ye? No, ye have too much O'Shay blood in your veins."

Kathleen: Well, maybe not, but if I did help him I would quickly send him away. I wouldn't want to have an Englishman in our house any longer than necessary.

Bridget: Blarney! What is that? It sounded like someone at the back door. Could it be the wind or a wayfarer?

Kathleen: Well, we must see. Come, stay close to me. (Goes and opens door, cries out as a man stumbles into the room).

Soldier: Could I rest a little. I'm nearly gone.

Kathleen: O, you poor fellow, come in. I will fix you some broth. Aunt Bridget, fix the fire, he is frozen.

Bridget: Ay and sure as I'm livin' ye are only a lad. Here, give me your coat and mitts 'til they dry.

Kathleen: Here is some broth. Take this and then relax.

Bridget: Land o' Goshen, he has fainted. Here Kathleen, help me get him on the cot. Poor laddie, he is so young. Look! his leg is wounded. Get some water and I will dress it.

Kathleen: I wonder who he is and how he got here? He didn't talk like an Irishman.

Bridget: He likely got lost out in the storm and wandered here. Ach! but he is a good looking chap. Do you suppose he is English, Kathleen?

Kathleen: Oh no, Aunt, he is too young and handsome to be an English soldier.

Bridget: Not only our Lads o' Erin are handsome. There are mighty fine English lads too.

Kathleen: But, Aunt, how could he get through with all the soldiers at the bor-



der and we are a good fifty miles from there.

Bridget: I have a feeling he was sent here to tell us something. Perhaps Barnie or Maurie sent him.

Kathleen: Maybe, or Aunt, do you suppose that maybe something happened to the boys. I wish he would awaken and tell us. I know something has happened.

Bridget: Now, Kathleen, he is just a poor unfortunate. I shouldn't 'ave got you excited. Sh! Look, he is stirring. Here, give me that glass. Laddie, have a drink of this. No, don't talk, just lie quiet.

Kathleen: Are you warm enough?

Soldier: Yes, I am much better. First tell me where I am.

Bridget: You are at my house. I'm Bridget O'Shay. This is my niece Kathleen O'Hare. Who are you and what do you want?

Soldier: My name is Michael Page of the 39th Regiment. My home is in London. I am here because I escaped from an Irish troop after I was captured trying to get by the lines. I bring a message to the sweetheart of Maurie who I met in prison where I was set guard over him when he was captured. During his imprisonment I became deathly ill and he nursed me back to health. I helped him to escape to France after promising to bring this message to his sweetheart. (Hands Kathleen an envelope).

Kathleen (reading): Dear Kathleen, I have very little time to write before I

leave for the Front, but I want to tell you Larrie escaped to America; and Barnie, poor chap, was killed in an attack. I was taken prisoner at "Old Blarney." Michael Page was my guard, and what a fine man he is! I am leaving this note with him, trusting him to deliver it somehow, to you.

Maurie.

Kathleen: Oh, Aunt! Now I have no one. Barnie is dead, Larrie is in America, Maurie is in France—that is, except you.

Bridget: Ay, and don't ye be forgotten your old aunt—why I—Oh Blarney! what's that down at the old thorn bush—Holy St. Patrick! 'tis the soldiers! Michael, quick to the cellar, you must hide. (Michael enters trap door. Tramping gets louder and then dies away in the distance. Michael returns).

Kathleen: Thank God they're gone!

Michael: I must go now before they return.

Bridget: Here, lad, is a snack that will last ye awhile. Is your collar up good, and your mitts on?

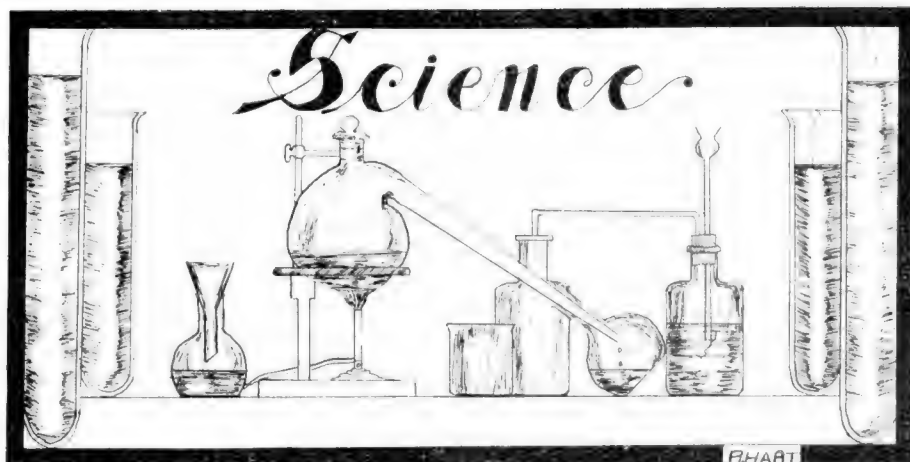
Michael: Yes, and thank you for your hospitality. And, remember me to Maurie—good-bye.

Bridget: May the saints guide ye always (Michael goes out).

Bridget: Kathleen, come and kneel; we must say an ave for Maurie, Larrie and Michael Page—our English friend.

Curtain.





THE EVOLUTION OF OIL

V. BURKHOLDER, T-4.

THE one product above all others which should be of interest to the students of this school is oil. The reason is quite obvious. Oil, as it is in the refining industry, is the means of living for a very large percentage of Sarnia's population through the Imperial Oil Company. Many of the students of this school will make oil refining their life work as their fathers are doing, and for this reason, a little discussion of the "Evolution of Oil" seems in order.

Let us first deal with the nature of the oil before going into its history. From our chemistry lessons, we may or may not know that the crude oil is in fact the most widely distributed mineral product in the world. The valuable deposits of oil, however, are not so widely distributed but are found in a few favoured sections of the world; of these Russia and Texas in the United States are the greatest. In its natural state, the oil ranges in colour from water-white to dark brown, nearly black. Some of the crude oils are thin while others are thick and viscous. Certain of the oils have very little odour but the majority give off an offensive smell.

But, no matter what other variations they may have, the oils have one thing in common; that is, they are all very volatile. This is the characteristic of crude oil that makes the modern refining process possible. By this property, the lighter substances, such as gasoline and naphtha, are vapourized and passed off, leaving behind the thick and viscous substances. Without this property, the immense oil fields and the valuable oil industry would be practically worthless; for then, we would be without all the products of the crude oil and would be left with a rather poor fuel. The oil itself is composed of carbon and hydrogen with a small percentage of impurities. The quality of the oil is determined by the amount of these impurities. An oil containing even 3% of sulphur, nitrogen, arsenic or phosphorous is greatly lowered in value and will bring a much lower market price. Oil is classed as paraffin or asphalt, or as light or heavy oil with each variety yielding certain substances on refining.

Well, enough about the properties of the oil. Let us now discuss its origin. If you are like most people, you have visions



of vast pools and rushing subterranean rivers of oil from which man draws his supply; this, however, is not the case. According to the leading scientists and geologists, the oil supply is held in the tiny fissures and poses of sandstone. Now you may ask, "How did this oil originate? Where did it come from?" There have been many explanations. At first, because oil was frequently discovered over or near coal beds, it was believed that it came from this coal. Hence we get the name coaloil. Another opinion was that the centre of the earth contained a vast quantity of oil under pressure. Still another was that it was formed by the interior heat of the earth acting on the turpentine of pine trees. The two scientific theories, however, are either that oil is a product of hydrogen and carbon under special conditions or that it is the result of decomposition of organic matter.

The earliest mention of oil comes in the Bible. The Old Testament speaks of oil as pouring from the rock. Oil is also mentioned in the early tales of Greece as the "black liquor" which Jason drank to make him invisible in his quest for the Golden Fleece. In this country, oil was first found by the Indians and used by them as a medicine for certain ills. Despite this early discovery of oil, the modern system is less than a century old. The first oil found was used as a quack medicine under the name Senecca Oil. This oil however, proved to be a failure due to its bad taste and disagreeable odour. In 1816, the first large quantities of oil were discovered by salt drillers but it was looked upon with disfavour because it ruined the salt. The first important step was made by Drake when he drilled for and obtained it in 1859.

What followed this discovery was one of the wildest series of speculations the world has ever known. People flocked from all over the country to get rich quickly in the Pennsylvania oil fields. For-

tunes were made and lost over night and land prices soared in value. Land sold for as high as \$7,000 an acre and small farms brought as much as \$1,000,000. Wildcat drills were put down all over the district but only a few were successful because of the poor working tools of the drillers. When the first gusher was struck, it overflowed an already full market and the natural result was a slump in prices. Oil became practically worthless and much was wasted. At one time, it sold for 10c per barrel. This condition, however, was partly remedied in 1861 by the opening of the European market and prices became more reasonable. The oil refining industry finally got under way in 1870 when the Standard Oil Company was formed. This company, the largest corporation of its kind in the world, was destined to lead the world in the oil industry, and by its energy and far-sightedness to make the oil refining industry just what it is to-day.

However, you may well ask, "What is all this leading up to? What does this gigantic industry mean to me and how does it affect the world?" To put it mildly, I might say that it has revolutionized industry with its 200 or more products. To go still further, I might say that it has been instrumental to a large degree in bringing about our modern industrial system, not to mention how it has affected home life. Can you imagine a world without automobiles or aeroplanes without lubricating oil or coke? If you can, you get some idea of the vastness of the industry. But petroleum in its many forms affects us in numerous other ways. The lubricating oils help our machinery to run more easily and saves wear. Kerosene, in rural districts, is indispensable as it is used as an illuminant. Indeed, it was this product that early refiners sought. Other by-products, such as naphtha and gasoline, were considered as useless and a nuisance in the prepara-



tion of the kerosene. Another important product of the industry is the fuel oil which is rising in importance daily. It is used in furnaces for home heating, but its chief use is the firing of oil burning trains and steamers. It is far superior to coal for this purpose as it is less in weight per unit volume and gives much more heat for an equal amount of coal. It is much more economical too, for, as it is controlled by a valve to the furnaces, it is easily shut off to save waste.

Another product of oil refining is vaseline which is used as a base for medicines. One of the most important of the by-products is paraffin which has a host of uses. It is used in making wax, as a water-proofing agent on matches, as a lining for barrels, as insulation in electrical work, as a preservative for food, and is even used in laundry work. Truly, the work done by petroleum is never finished for it has always new jobs.

One of the most important questions of today is not the finding of new work for petroleum but the finding of new petroleum to do the work. The world's great oil fields in Texas and in Russia will not last forever. Already, they are on a decline so that it is necessary for the companies to locate new fields. It is comforting to know that Canada shows signs of containing very important deposits of oil in Alberta and around Lake Athabasca so that we may hope that Canada will become a world power in this great industry in the not too distant future. It would take only one gusher in either of those districts to open them up, as ten years of immigration could never do. In view of all these facts, therefore, just pause for a moment when next you buy gasoline and consider the vast amount of toil, perspiration and money surrounding the romance of oil before you go blithely on your way.



MICROCHEMISTRY

KENNETH GILLESPIE, 5-A.

DID you know that a miniature chemistry boom is sweeping this continent? If you didn't, it is probably because the boom is not noticeable to the casual observer. Perhaps the chemist does not think the growth of microchemistry is a boom, but nevertheless, midget laboratories are being used more and more by research institutions and others who are interested in chemical analysis.

Microchemistry enables the chemist to handle, measure and identify quantites of material too small to even imagine. The microchemist works with quantities of substances weighing from one to ten milligrams.

To handle and analyze such specks of matter requires a vest-pocket laboratory. Midget beakers, crucibles and test-tubes, composed with the standard apparatus,

look as if they are made for a "Tom Thumb" chemist. A Bunsen burner, the size of a small screw, produces a blue flame barely an eighth of an inch high and heats test-tubes a fiftieth of an inch in diameter. To fill the tubes, they are touched to a liquid which is then sucked up by capillary action. It is indeed true that a microchemist can hold a complete laboratory in the palm of his hand. That is, all except the microbalance.

The microbalance is the largest and most important instrument in the laboratory. It is very sensitive, so much so that it can weigh a substance many times lighter than a single human hair, one one millionth of a gram to be exact.

Microchemistry first appeared in 1910 when an Austrian scientist, Fritz Pregl, who, after processing a ton of a com-



pound, had only a few crystals of a substance he wanted to analyze, decided to adapt chemistry to the task. The result was microchemistry. Others used and refined his methods to fit almost any branch of science.

Microchemistry is used in detecting signs of arson and in distinguishing between genuine and fake fingerprints when there is but a small bit of material with which to work. In murder cases, traces of poison, which otherwise would remain undiscovered, may be found this way. Exposing forgeries in paintings and antiques; analyzing small vials of air

brought from the upper atmosphere by unmanned balloons; preparing new products from coal on a commercial scale; all are possible thanks to microchemistry.

Moreover, microchemistry is a time-saver. By it, one can perform in two hours, a task which formerly took a day. It is safer when working with explosives. It is cheaper when working with expensive material and it is the only possible way of analyzing a small speck of matter.

Thus it is that the miniature laboratory has become of inestimable value.

MAKING TREES

DOROTHY MCCREADIE, 2-B.

A NEW occupation and one of the most interesting of which I have ever heard is "making trees." It may sound preposterous and unbelievable, I grant, but nevertheless, it is true. Magi Du Veeds of New York makes this astounding statement: "I make real trees, trees that will live forever."

Curiosity and interest is centred on this man and his unusual profession. Although nobody knows exactly how he proceeds, this is a general supposition.

Du Veeds procures dead branches and trunks of trees. On these, he grafts the buds of specially adapted plants, such as Russian grass, which resembles feathers, or bica which comes from Italy. Both the grafts and the trunks are covered by an open bud which has been treated with certain chemicals. Amazingly, the bud closes before our eyes and does not open for another twenty-four hours.

Fifty or more chemicals are applied to these trees to make them bloom. No two trees react the same with them. When the trees are completed, they are so natural that scarcely two are identical in out-

line and shape. Each tree has different characteristics and an individuality of its own. Ordinary trees require carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium and iron in order to live. Mr. Du Veeds' chemicals contain these elements as well as a preservative which prevents the trees from rotting.

Numerous types of people buy them. A large twenty-five foot tree is worth three hundred dollars, while smaller ones sell at as low as five dollars. Mr. Du Veeds' biggest problem was reproducing a tree just like the one a client had played in when he was a boy. Mr. Du Veeds took photographs of it from various angles, and, piece by piece he arranged it in his studio. The tree was assembled and set up in Palm Beach, where, no doubt, it is bringing back old memories.

Never before has such an amazing discovery been made. Science depends on new ideas and experiments and well may it be said that this is a spectacular, successful enterprise.



MATCHES

RONALD HART, 5-A.

IT is useless to inquire in what way man first discovered fire. However, it can truly be said that our present day method of creating fire by matches is one of the greatest and most useful of human inventions.

By glancing at the primitive means of producing fire, we can fully appreciate the present day match. In olden days, it was so difficult to procure a light that, in order to save trouble and labour, the primitive man hit on the idea of a fire burning night and day in public places.

The earliest method of creating fire was by the friction of two pieces of wood. Later on, fire was produced by the friction of flint and steel, and for many years the tinder-box was used. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, oxy-muriated matches came into use. These consisted of splints of wood dipped in sulphur and afterwards into a paste consisting of chlorate of potash, powdered sugar and gum arabic. The match head was dipped into a bottle containing asbestos, saturated with sulphuric acid, and the resulting chemical reaction caused it to ignite. There were, however, many disadvantages to this as, for example, the sulphuric acid was destructive and dangerous to use.

In 1826 John Walker of England invented friction matches, which soon became very popular. However, Walker's mixture was very explosive and thus dangerous for the unexperienced to use.

Phosphorus, the substance now used in matches, was discovered by a German chemist in 1669. Its preparation was long kept a secret. Phosphorus was very expensive until 1770 when it was prepared from bone ash. After many failures, white phosphorus matches were invented in the early thirties of the century by Dr. Charles Saura. The first phosphorus

matches were unsatisfactory but improvements were constantly made.

However, white phosphorus caused the dreaded phosphorous disease amongst the workers, and finally, it was realized that a non-poisonous phosphorus must be found. Many were tried, including the amorphous red phosphorus. Results were not satisfactory until sesquisulphide of phosphorus was discovered in 1864.

In the present day manufacture of matches, the matches are never touched by hand. A continuous match-making machine cuts the sticks from the blocks of wood. The matches are then treated to prevent "after-glow." This is done by passing the sticks through a weak solution of ammonium phosphate and then through hot air drying chambers where the melted paraffin and the bulb are attached. A current of air helps to set the head. The match is then dipped into the ignition compound. The tip is smaller than the bulb and this helps to prevent any unnecessary friction. The matches, after further drying, are automatically boxed and wrapped.

The wood used in match sticks must be of a good quality in order to withstand the pressure while the match is being rubbed along a surface in order to light it. White pine is used. The wood is seasoned, as it decreases in weight through the evaporation of the water, increases the durability of the wood, prevents shrinking, increases the strength and stiffness and prevents staining. Seasoning is always in progress in open piles which permit a free circulation of air. Artificial seasoning has been developed and is being used somewhat.

The match head consists of the tip and the bulb. The bulb is composed of a slow-burning mixture which is hard to ignite by friction. The tip is made to



ignite and burn easily. Essentially, the bulb contains an oxidizing agent, chlorate of potash, an oxidizable substance, such as sulphur, a binding material such as glue, and a filler of ground glass. The tip contains sesquisulphide of phosphorus which is easily ignited by friction.

Heat is produced by friction. This causes the phosphorus to ignite, combustion being supported by the oxygen of the oxidizing agent and communicated by the slow-burning paraffin to the wood.

There are two types of matches in use today, "safety matches" and "strike anywhere matches." In the former, the side

of the box contains the red phosphorus, and in the latter, the match tip contains the sesquisulphide of phosphorus.

The modern "strike anywhere" match is no doubt the best match available for general use. However, it is not beyond improvement. The ideal match should burn with an absolutely smokeless flame and no unpleasant odour. The materials in the match head could be substituted by cheaper substances as sesquisulphide of phosphorus is quite expensive. The field is still open for further improvement.

CONCEPTS OF SPACE

HAROLD GRIFFITHS, 5-A.

EVER since man stepped out of the stone age and became aware of the world about him, he has looked heavenward and from his study of the moon, sun, planets and stars, he has devised many revolutionary, weird and imaginative conceptions of the earth and space.

The moon, the sun, and the stars played an important part in the lives of people even before history was recorded. The crops were sowed and harvested according to the position of certain heavenly bodies. The stars were used as direction indicators for travelling through forests and over deserts et cetera. It was about 3000 B.C. that the Babylonians first started the grouping of the stars. Next, the Chaldeans and the Egyptians established the calendar and divided the year into months, days and hours through the study of astronomy. These ancient people believed that stars influenced the life of a man and as a result of their study, the science of astrology was started.

As centuries passed, ideas changed. It was thought that the earth was the centre of the heavens and the sun and the stars revolved around it. They had no idea

that the earth was an infinitesimal part of the stellar system but thought that it was immense and that everything else was small in comparison. Another was a hollow sphere with us living on the inside of it with the moon, sun and stars enclosed in it. However, as science progressed, these concepts vanished.

It was in 1610 that the first real step forward was made in fathoming the mysteries of the sky. Galileo, with the first telescope, found that other so-called stars had satellites like the earth, revolved around the sun and were in fact, not stars but planets like the earth. From that time, larger and more powerful telescopes have been made and more remote planets have been discovered, namely, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. Pluto was only recently discovered and, as yet, little is known about it except that it has dou-system. That is—extended the boundary about four billion miles from the sun. With the discovery of this planet, it has been suggested that it is the first of a new group of planets and many more lie still farther from the sun.

Thus, it can be seen that the once



mighty earth is a mere speck in the solar system, but more is to come, for our great solar domain is even smaller when compared with the galaxy it is in.

Everybody has seen the Milky Way which extends across the sky but few realize that we are part of it and that our sun is only one of the ten billion stars that make it. All the stars that we see with the naked eye are in this galaxy or nebula which is 200,000 light years across at its narrowest part. This means that light travelling at the terrific rate of 116,000 miles a second takes 200,000 years to travel across the diameter. Yet, as galaxies go, the Milky Way is not large and forms part of a super galaxy which includes galaxies like the one to which we belong. There are about fifty of these giant celestial groups, each of which contains numerous galaxies. The largest super nebula yet found is the Coma-Virgo which contains about two hundred galactic systems, each about the size of the Milky Way.

In brief, this is where we stand. Man is a mere inhabitant of the earth which forms a minute part of the solar system. This solar system has its centre, the huge star called the sun which is in turn, a tiny speck in the Milky Way. The billions of stars which are revolving around a yet unknown force and which make up the Milky Way are only a part of a super galaxy which, with fifty odd more groups, form the Metgalaxy, another name for space. Now one is left wondering, no doubt, if this goes on forever, and space is infinite but Einstein fills the gap with his theory of finite space which is an offspring of his theory of relativity.

It was in 1905 that Albert Einstein, a German mathematician, published his papers on relativity which are considered the greatest synthetic achievement of the human mind. One part of his theory dealt

with light. He claimed that light does not travel in a straight line but is affected by the gravitational pull of any large heavenly body. This theory was confirmed in 1919 by a group of English scientists who had gone to Brazil to study an eclipse of the sun and to especially observe the action of bright stars near the sun. It was found that the light from these stars curved a fraction of a degree towards the sun. The consequences of this observation was widespread, for it showed that space is curved like the earth and that light, after leaving a star, does not travel off infinitely in all directions. As Columbus thought of the earth, so does Einstein think of space.

Because the world was round, Columbus knew that by sailing west, he could reach the countries in the east, and so it is with curved space.

According to this theory, we can, by looking north, see stars that are in reality south of us since the light from them curves. Thus, we are just seeing the opposite side of some familiar stars which we see when looking south. For example, Jeans, an eminent scientist, suggests that two nebulae which are almost invisible on the outer edge of space are really the two nebulae, M33 and Great Nebula, in Andromeda, which are closest to us and seen only in the opposite direction, the long way around space. This idea can easily be exemplified if you imagine you are going to take a trip to England. You have two ways of going there either east or west, both will get you there as the earth is round. If you go east, you will travel a much shorter distance than if you go west. Thus, on the basis of this theory, space is finite, but if it is, what lies outside of it? Only time can prove or disprove the theory of finite space and bring forth new theories on what lies still farther on.



BETTYE RUSSELL

JUNIOR RUGBY 1936

THIS section of our Magazine has been devoted to our Junior Rugby team, which for the first time in ten years, has won for the school the Junior W.O. S.S.A. Championship. In winning this title, the team has brought to the city an honour of which it may well be proud and has won the respect and best wishes for continued success of the citizens of Sarnia.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Flying Wing—E. Chivers.
 Halves—Ted Eveland, R. Perry, T. Gutteridge.
 Quarterback—K. Dickson.
 Snap—Jim Chapman.
 Insides—P. Simpson, Bill Kirk.
 Middles—D. Fleming, J. McMillan.
 Ends—S. Gavlack, J. Mainwaring.
 Subs—B. Hueston, B. Doucher, R. Wilson, R. Dyble, K. Kennedy, E. Kent, J. Koval, B. Thorpe, R. Kee, L. Bolton.
 Coaches—Ted Moore, Jim Shanks.
 Trainer—Bill Doochan.
 Manager—George Ingersoll.

CAPT. JIM CHAPMAN—Playing snap position, Jim was the main bulwark of the team's defense. A hard worker and a hard tackler, Jim has many years of fine rugby ahead of him. He will be back next year.

BILL HUESTON "Scoop" — the youngest of the team, played snap also. He is a good defensive player and has two more years of Junior Rugby yet.

JACK McMILLAN "Mac"—played middle where he was a great aid on the wing-line. This is his last year as a Junior.

BOB DOUCHER "Dook"—is another inside, a husky 155-lb. lad. He is a very hard tackler.

DICK WILSON "Giant"—is the 16-year-old six-footer playing inside. He has another year as a Junior.

PAUL SIMPSON "Frieda"—is another husky inside who played fine rugby. He'll be back next year.

KEN KENNEDY—Ken played his first year of Rugby this year and should become an outstanding player in another year.



JUNIOR RUGBY CHAMPIONS

Back row: D. Dyble, E. Finan, W. McMahon, B. Doohan, J. Chapman, T. Eveland, G. Ingersoll.

Second row: J. Shanks, Dan O'Donohue, L. Bolton, T. Gutteridge, R. Wilson, R. Perry, D. Fleming, B. Doucher, Ted Moore.

Third row: J. Koval, B. Kirk, S. Gavlack, B. Hueston, J. Mainwaring, B. Thorpe, P. Simpson,

Front row: E. Chivers, R. Kee, K. Kennedy, J. MacMillan.

DOUG FLEMING "Sid"—is a middle and a place kicker of no mean ability. Next year he will wear a Senior sweater.

TED EVELAND—Ted is a husky centre half of the backfield, where his superb blocking made him a standout as a defensive player. He'll make a valuable addition to next year's Seniors.

RALPH PERRY—Ralph is very fast and his superb punting made him a high scorer of the team. Next year he will be a senior.

KEITH DICKSON "Dick"—is the six-foot quarterback. His plunging, passing and drop kicking are all of the best. He says this is his last year of rugby.

TOM GUTTERIDGE "Gubs"—is 170 lbs. of hefty weight. He also will

be a Senior next year where his plunging and place kicking will be a great advantage.

ELMER CHIVERS "Shake"—was the fastest man on the team. He played regular tail-back position this year and will be back next year as a Senior.

LLOYD BOLTON "Bolts"—was the all-around utility backfielder, filling any position nicely. He will be back next year.

ROSS KEE "Pansy"—was also a utility back fielder and should go places next year.

JOHN MAINWARING—John played end this year and his superb shoe-string tackles thrilled the spectators. He also caught several "Sleeper" forward passes.



JOHN KOVAL "Butter-Fingers"—also played end this year. He will be a Senior next.

STEVE GAVLACK—was a very capable end this year. He has another year as a Junior.

BILL KIRK—Bill was an inside and he is one of the deadliest tacklers on the team. He will return next year.

BILL THORPE—Bill is 15 and has some more years as a Junior. He will be a good candidate for a regular position next year.

DICK DYBLE—Dick played his last

year as a Junior this year.

ERIC KENT—He is the brother of the well-known Roy Kent and turned in a creditable performance this year.

JIM SHANKS "Lulu"—was assistant coach and in this capacity he was well liked by the boys. He is a player of great ability, having played for former school teams.

TED MOORE—Ted is the very proficient coach of the team who pounded all the rugby the boys know into them. By players and fans alike he is highly respected.



In 1935, the Sarnia Juniors were eliminated by St. Thomas, their old rival. This year, however, Ted Moore and Jim Shanks whipped the local lads into a team of championship calibre.

In the first two games of the season, they were grouped with the Chatham "Geenshirts" whom they had little trouble in eliminating. In the first game the team romped to a 34-0 victory, and when the return game was played in Chatham, had another easy win, 22-1. In this series the backfield of the team played sensational rugby.

St. Thomas, Sarnia's old jinx, were the next victims for the Champions. They won the first game 24-1. However, in the second game they suffered their only loss of the season, being nosed out 2-0. Once more the backfield shone, but the line also showed great power.

On to Windsor. On Friday 13th, Sarnia eked out a 13-12 win, making 13 first downs and receiving 13 penalties. The second game, however, showed the superiority of the S. C. I. when they whitewashed Windsor 13-0. This victory gave the team the right to advance into the W. O. S. S. A. finals with Woodstock, champions for several years.

The Red Devils were outclassed in the first of the finals, played in Sarnia. The score was 24-1. In the return game the boys won another easy victory 10-1 and thus captured the coveted trophy, symbolic of the Championship.

With most of the team returning to school next year, prospects are bright for a Senior Championship team. But this year, with hats off to Ted Moore, we hail the new Champions.





SWORDS OF THE COSSACKS

MICHAEL BARBAZA

FOREWORD:

The Cossacks were the cavalry of the fighting force of the Ukrainians in Europe and were recognized down through the ages as the world's best horsemen.

The curved sword which every Cossack carried by his side was feared by all for many a foe had fallen before its glittering blade.

The life of the Cossack was one of continual strife as he was always helping his fellow men to ward off the yoke of the Turks, Tartars, and other barbarian tribes.

The following deals with the everyday life of one of the many Cossacks.

THE sun rising slowly amidst the rugged strength of the Carpathian Mountains, was at first only a twinge of colour, but as it ascended higher into the blue heavens, golden lustre fell about in animated rays. Dawn! Nature's unparalleled glory enveloping the world in untroubled splendour. Already a farmer-peasant, "selyanin," was walking with scythe, hoe and sickle to his daily work. A deep yellow sea of wheat stood in vivid contrast to the azure above, which seemed to meet in a line in the dim horizon.

Every now and again the stillness would be broken by a melodious chirp from the "zozoolya," or cuckoo bird. Even now smoke was trailing from straw-thatched homes.

Taras Gonta, leader of the Dnieper Cossacks, was proud to look upon his son, Peter, as a man, and more than that, as a Cossack. Two years in the rugged

life of that band had instilled a fearless determination and uprightness into Peter. His fellows were equally proud of Tara, who more than once had saved a critical situation, by his military tactics. Some said that old Taras had easily the strength of three men, and his huge, powerful shoulders and commanding character gave force to that belief. Even though his great head was covered with white-grey hair, the old man still proved himself to be a capable leader. But he had a heart as large as his titanic frame.

The battle on the shore of the Danube had caused Taras' death. He had been fatally wounded. As Peter rushed to his father's side, the old "ataman" said, "Peter, my son, live like a Cossack, a Cossack to the last years—" Taras' chin then slumped on his massive chest.

* * * *

Perfectly balanced on his grey steed,



Peter made an impressive figure. His lithe body possessed a graceful carriage when in the saddle. The new leader, Dri, now led a cavalcade of three hundred and fifty Cossacks, from whose lips flowed one of their ancestral war songs, "Oi Oo Loozi," "In the Woodland," which reverberated along the mighty walls of the looming mountains.

A Turkish encampment was reported as being a few miles due south. They made the distance in good time and then the glint of steel, clash of arms and falling bodies marked the beginning of a fierce battle. It finished as suddenly as it had started, and the Cossacks were victorious.

"Ha!" old Taras used to say, "the sword is not for a woman nor for a Turk, who is a woman also!" This would be greeted with boisterous shouting from lusty throats. But never again would old Taras repeat this jibe.

As the warrior band dismounted, they were escorted by their families to their homes, which were again made happy by their safe return.

"Mother! How glad I am to see you," Peter exclaimed with a tremor in his voice.

"Peter! My how fine you look in your cloak. You seem to grow bigger and stronger each day."

"Yes, mother, but you still are nearest my heart."

"What is that I smell,—not 'borsch'?" Peter asked.

"Yes, let us go and—"

"And eat the best cooking that's done in three villages!" Peter finished.

* * *

The minister raised his head from the kneeling Cossacks and gazed up into the blue azure. "May God be with you, in your minds, presence and dangers. God bless you all."

The kneeling men stood up, donned their caps and mounted their horses. As

they rode off in fours, rank behind rank, they again took up the old stirring and somehow savage marching song of their ancestors, "Oi Oo Loozi." They made a vivid picture. Colourful cloaks and trousers, curved swords, high boots and rifles slung across broad backs. The horses were powerful, long and low, their sinewy glistening flanks heaving.

The Turkish look-out nearly disorganized his companion in his excitement. "Listen! Do you hear? It is those Christian devils again!"

Though at first only an indefinite hum, "Oi Oo Loozi" swelled with volume as the approaching Cossacks neared the Turkish encampment. The latter had a more strategic point, being camped fairly high in the mountains. The horde of Turks opened up a fusillade of shots which drove the Cossack band back momentarily. The latter felt sure that if once they could approach to use their swords, the battle was theirs, for many a foe had fallen before that curved sword!

As the band stormed up the craggy cliff, the enemy dislodged a huge boulder which went crashing downwards and which spelled doom for some. Undaunted, however, the troop continued till they had gained the summit. Here their swords stood them to advantage, for after an hour they were victorious. They had conquered once more!

Once again, as many time before, the hills were filled with the swelling of "Oi Oo Loozi." The villagers could hear the far-off singing of the age-old war song, and—understood. Once again the Cossacks had conquered.

Even as the band came into the village, all the villagers joined in. As the men reached their home, they dismounted, and returning the "God bless you" greeting from the others, went to their respective homes, which were again made joyous.

Peter met his mother in the doorway



and embraced her. As the sun sank softly into the distant mountains, two gradually forming shadows appeared as one in the doorway. Peter and his mother stood looking out at the last of the villagers escorting the Cossacks to their

homes.

The dying out of "Oi Oo Loozi" came distinctly to their ears, till the last of the song was enveloped by the twilight stillness—stillness that seemed to understand-

THE PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR

(From an interview by Faith Baldwin)

MARIE FORBES, COMM. 3

A YOUNG child in pigtails sat in the City Auditorium in Atlanta, Georgia, dispensing information and possessions to refugees from the great fire. The youngster in the middy blouse took over the desk and later the lost and found department in the big warehouse. From this point she directed a small staff of grownups and settled disputes impartially but adamantly.

Nearly twenty years later a young woman, unobtrusive in appearance, sat in a corner of a hotel suite in Atlanta. Her hair was short and reddish and she wore a black frock. She completely fulfilled the promise of the child who sat on a desk and dealt with tragedy, grief, madness, with perfect calm in those hectic days of 1917. This person was Margaret Mitchell—the author of the book, "Gone With the Wind," which has swept over the United States, Canada, and Europe like another fire in the past year.

Margaret Mitchell is the wife of John Marsh, who is tall, blonde and a little stooped. Their marriage has been a unity of thought and action for eleven years. Mr. Marsh is in the advertising section of a great power company. He graduated to this position from newspaper work. His wife was an Atlanta debutante before she went into newspaper work.

Fame has descended on this young woman with the speed of a tornado but it has not disturbed or ruffled, in any way,

her composure. She is always the center of requests for autographs, interviews and introductions. She can move neither to the right nor to the left or she will be swamped with people eager to meet this person who could stir nations with her conception of the southland during the trying times of the Civil War.

Many legends have been told about Margaret Mitchell since she has become famous but many of them have been untrue. It was said it took her seven years to write her book and that she wrote three versions of it. She worked on it from 1926 to 1929 and did some further work on it in the two succeeding years. This does not mean that she worked unceasingly twenty-four hours a day. She had other things to occupy much of her time and she was only able to spend a certain portion of her leisure time on this work.

She started to write the book when she became weary of lying helpless in bed with a badly sprained ankle. She wrote the last chapter first—not in shorthand but on a typewriter as a newspaper woman would. She did not expect even a moderate success. Many tales have been written about the South and have been violently rejected by the Southern people. The author wrote what she knew to be true and she wrote it in an appealing way—clear and definite. After a series of circumstances the book went to the publisher to provide interesting historical data for students studying the Civil War per-



iod. This was Miss Mitchell's expectations and the results completely bewildered her.

In June 1936, the book was published and the rest is history in the literary world. The book swept across contin-

ents, blazing a trail as it went. It was printed eighteen times and 475,000 copies were sold. Every newspaper in the country paid tribute to the remarkable ability of Margaret Mitchell—wife and author.

A FANTASY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The following is an impossible imagining of the story which prompted Johann Sebastian Bach to compose his Choral Prelude, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"

IT was late evening. The streets of Leipzig were deserted save for one lonely wanderer. Rain was beginning to add to the dreariness of the night and overhead great, black, depressing clouds hung in the sky. The stranger walked now, fast, now slowly; his steps would lag and then with an impatient gesture he would tramp on a few steps farther. His coat collar was pulled up to shield his face from the wind and his hands were stuck dejectedly, yet determinedly in his pockets. If you were passing by, you might hear him muttering to himself words of bitterness and discouragement. Prussia had meant no peace for him! The folks in England had assured him that the change would make a man of him. Oh! curse the Heavens! But why curse the Heavens? The Heavens meant little to him. On and on he strode into the night. The rain was now beating down faster and great drops splashed in his haggard face. Ahead of him in the distance, he saw a dim light and towards this light he stepped out at a faster pace, hoping that there he might find shelter. As he approached the door he uttered a sigh. On the door he read "St. James Church." Even here he had to be confronted with such things. Here he was, soaking and miserable, needing shelter, and there was the Church taunting him. The Church was all mockery! How could

he suffer so, if the Church were what it should be?

But would he enter, this time, just to get out of such a storm? He moved forward a step. Then he heard out of the silent night, the deep tones of an organ. A faint smile passed quickly over his face; his lips twitched as he recognized the melody. He listened intently. The music stirred his very soul. He was familiar with that harmony, if only he could think! Ah, yes! there it was "Art thou weary, heavy laden? Come to me and rest!" Bah! Why couldn't he get away from the Church and all it had ever meant to him. He turned abruptly from the door. With agony written in his face, he rammed his fists deeper into his coat and once more strode down the narrow street into blackness.

He walked and walked. But each rain-drop was a thrust to his soul, as over and over again he heard the words pounding in his heart, "Art thou weary, heavy laden? Come to Me and rest!" He was now coming again towards the little church. A shudder passed through his frame as each step brought him nearer. Again, he paused by the door. His breast heaved. He bowed his head and sighed with anguish. There was the handle on the door. His eyes were glued on it savagely; his hands which hung by his side, would not move towards it. He



stepped back, just one moment. Then, he plunged forward, seized the knob convulsively; the door opened. On the threshold he halted. The light was very dim by the organ, and apparently the organist had not heard him enter. He stood motionless gazing at the faint flicker of light. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he could see the figure of a young man seated at the organ. He could not see his face but he could see his fingers moving gently over the keys of the instrument, feeling for the notes that were bringing the music so near to his soul as he again played "Art thou weary, heavy laden? Come to Me and rest!"

Suddenly, the stranger barged towards him. The organist turned amazed. The stranger was standing erect, his eyes gleaming like fiery furnaces, his lips twitching. He seized the musician by the shoulders and shouted, "Have you ever been weary? Have you ever been lonely? Have you ever been despised and forsaken by those you love? Have you ever known what it is to be friendless?" The man at the organ remained motionless as the wanderer poured forth his volley of questions. Then, quietly he turned towards the intruder and in a low, calm voice spoke. "Yes! I have been lonely, weary, despised. I know how it is to

think you are without a friend. But since I have found the Great Friend, I have found in Him a balm for all my sorrows and have found peace!" "Bah! How could you?" the other stormed. "How can you find peace in a world like this? Bah! I would not know what peace was in my heart. Peace! Rest! Man, you don't know what it is!"

For some minutes, the organist remained silent, his head lowered. The heart of the stranger beat violently within his bosom in passion; the heart of the other man prayed that he could give some comfort to his fellow-man. Finally, he broke the silence, and with a glimmer of a smile he spoke. "Listen, friend! My Friend has meant this to me! I was weary, yes, and heavy laden. I came to Him and there I found solace. He has meant a new life for me." All the while, his fingers were moving over the organ keys. Reverently and softly, he murmured, "Jesu! Jesu! Joy of Man's Desiring" and throughout the chapel stole a melody that was overflowing and abundant with the peace and joy He alone can give. The music faded away. Silence reigned. The weary one sank upon his knees and from the depths of his soul he cried, "My God!"

INDOOR BLIZZARDS

DONALD BAIRD

Don Baird

ICY winds beat against the walls of a backwood's cabin, carrying snowflakes that swirl past the windows and pile up in drifts around the stoop. In front of the door, a snow-encrusted bridge spans a narrow expanse of glistening ice. Men and women, bundled up in heavy winter clothing, lean against the force of a gale as they move about, breathing puffs of fog into the wintry air.

When you witness this scene on the

screen of your movie theatre it will have an air of grim reality, and as far as physical conditions go this is a real blizzard that is being photographed. Wind, snow and ice—and even the icicles that fringe the eaves of the house are real. The cameramen and technicians stand behind the battery of lights, stamp their feet and wave their arms to keep warm. Yet only a few feet away beyond the insulated walls of the stage where the picture is



being made, the Southern California sun is shining with all its summer heat.

The refrigerated stage is Hollywood's latest aid in bringing realism to motion pictures. Instead of spending vast sums of money to send the players away to the snow fields in Alaska or High Sierras, producers can now film a picture of winter sequence right in Hollywood.

The first of these ice box stages utilized the interior of an ice storage plant which was stripped of its load of ten thousand tons of manufactured ice and studded with studio lights and painted sets. Snow slingers and wind machines were installed, making it possible to create at a wave of the hand any of the scenes common to lands of boisterous winters.

The building is one hundred and forty feet long, one hundred feet wide and forty feet high, with walls and roof completely insulated by a fourteen-inch strip of granulated cork. Three miles of pipe lie in triple banks three deep suspended from the ceiling forming an ammonia refrigerating system that can reduce the temperature of this vast room to ten degrees Fahrenheit and keep it at this point perpetually or indefinitely.

A portable snow machine actually makes snow out of twenty-five lb. cakes of ice that are tossed into a hopper where spitz cylinders crush the block into flaky white chips. The snow is hurled out sixty feet by a centrifugal machine over sets where it drifts naturally to the ground, trees, houses and clings realistically to trees and shrubs. Impelled by gusts from a wind machine this man-made snow is said to be indistinguishable from the outdoor variety. The machine eats three hundred pounds of ice for every minute of snow.

The cabin of a Canadian trapper can

be reproduced now in Hollywood in mid-summer. The icicles that hang coldly from its eaves are chilly and brittle. They have been made and frozen in a water mold and pasted on the set wherever required by means of a little water that quickly freezes solidly into place.

Before the advent of the refrigerated stage a chemical known as "hypo" ice was used wherever the appearance of an ice was needed the indoor set was covered with fluttering white gypsum from a dull sky and crude imitation of snow, but the effect was often destroyed by the unlife-like setting. "Fog Breath," one of the touches of realism never before made possible with indoor winter scenes comes as natural as the consequences of the below-freezing temperature always maintained in the ice box stage.

Even the Eskimos' igloo is faithfully reproduced with blocks of ice laid like stones in a wall then covered with blasts of snow from the machine. The frozen surface of a lake or river scene is made instantly by covering the spot wanted with water, then frozen to a glistening sheet of ice for skate runners.

The idea of bringing winter to Hollywood was inspired by recent near-disastrous experiences of two Hollywood troupes that became snowbound near Turchee in California's Sierras. Influenza broke out and medical aid was not able to be obtained and the two companies were delayed for more than twice the estimated time of their visit.

The cost of keeping an actor or technician a day on a location is estimated at twenty dollars a day, less their salaries. An expedition of fifty out on an "arctic" location within Alaska or the Sierras means approximately seven thousand dollars a week. The refrigerated stage may divide this figure by ten.



THE DEATH WATCH

BILL ALLEN, COLL. 2-A

THE night was dark and overcast with clouds. From the west came the never-ceasing rumble of cannons and the occasional chatter of machine guns. The German soldiers marched on a road that was muddy from a recent rain. They were gathering for an attack on Section B held by a small number of Canadians. The Germans were in high spirits as they marched for they expected little resistance from the Canadians as their machine gun nests had been wiped out by a gas attack and the Canadians had as yet not been able to reoccupy them.

The sound of the big guns grew louder as the men drew nearer and when they entered the trenches the roar was deafening. In a dugout, two officers were arguing. One wished to attack at once, the other wanted to send out a reconnoitering party first. He succeeded in convincing his fellow officer that this was the best course, and soldiers were elected for the job.

A few minutes later, three men slipped noiselessly out of the trenches and into No Man's Land. They made their way cautiously to the Canadian lines and began scouting around. One soldier came to a machine gun nest and decided to investigate. He crawled noiselessly down the short passageway and pulled back the

blanket that covered the entrance and in the dim light he saw four soldiers. Two were sitting on a bunk, one was standing with his hands clasping a rafter of the ceiling and looking out through a slit through which he had his rifle, the other was crouched behind a machine gun, and all were in an attitude of expectancy as if they anticipated the attack.

The German backed out slowly and made his way to his companions as quickly as possible. They hurried back to their trenches and reported to the officers. Their superiors were astounded. How had the Canadians been able to gain the foothold of their machine gun nest under the watchful eyes of the German gunners? Now the attack must be delayed until those guns could be silenced and that would take a week at least.

Before that week was up, reserves came to relieve the Canadians and, instead of being driven back, they drove the Germans back. Later, in one of the machine gun nests, the bodies of four soldiers were found, all sitting or standing in life-like positions, where they had been gassed. These men even in death had averted the attack and saved the lives of countless of their comrades. Truly a death watch!

MARCO POLO

D. LeSUEUR, 4-A.

MARCO Polo, as he was herded along the main street of Genoa amongst a throng of other prisoners, reflected on the battle which had resulted in his captivity. The Venetian fleet, in which he was a captain, had been beaten by a fleet from Genoa and the Venetian prisoners had been brought back to that

city. Here they were all marched to the prison, a great stone fortress just outside the city itself. Here the prisoners, Marco Polo among them, were herded into dark, dank cells. Three prisoners were crowded into a single cell, and so two were forced to sleep on the floor.

Marco, after becoming accustomed to



the greyness, caused by lack of light, took stock of his companions. One, Bello Cumbus, a dark, treacherous-looking fellow, with glistening black eyes, he instinctively disliked and mistrusted. The other, Aneo Libos, immediately drew his friendship, for his clear open countenance and smiling eyes betokened an honest and steadfast character.

After a few days, the prisoners were allowed two hours fresh air in a day in the main yard of the prison. Marco carefully weighed any chances of escape in his mind, and, finding a chatty guard, he learned that the castle was some distance outside of the city walls. He gathered from careful conversations with this guard that once over the walls of the prison, escape would be made into the surrounding mountains. But how to get over the wall?

One night he had an idea. Crawling quietly over to where Aneo was sleeping, careful not to awake Bello, whose turn it was to sleep in the bunk, Marco began to explain his plan.

"Listen Aneo," he whispered, "When the guard opens the door to give us our food to-morrow evening, I will pretend to be sick. You must get him to come and see how ill I am. Then we will overpower him, with as little noise as possible, remember. Then we will go out to the courtyard. There is a section of wall just around the corner from our exercise yard which is badly dilapidated. The governor, as the guard told me, is going to have it repaired, but as it is we can climb it fairly easily. We won't tell Bello. I don't trust him. Are you game to try?"

"Of course, Marco. I will follow you."

Quietly Marco stole back to his place. Neither of the friends noticed Bello, supposedly sound asleep, cautiously raise his head, his black eyes gleaming. He too had a plan.

All went as usual that day. Both Marco and Aneo succeeded in restraining

their excitement, but by dark each was fairly bursting to be off. That night, when the gaoler brought the food, Aneo succeeded, with a well-enacted appeal, in getting him to take a look at Marco. At once the cell was filled with furious but silent combat. Finally the two succeeded in capturing the guard and laid the unconscious body under the bunk. Then, silently closing the door of the cell after them, Marco and Aneo sped down the corridor to the main courtyard, not noticing the absence of Bello.

Fortune seemed to smile on them. Dark clouds obscured the moon and no light illuminated the yard. Silently the two crept along the side of the prison building, huddled close into the wall for fear of being seen by a guard on the outer wall. When they reached a spot opposite the ruined part of the wall, a cloud rolled from before the moon. The whole courtyard before them was illuminated and the two immediately dropped on their stomachs. Marco, looking up, was horrified to see on the opposite wall a guard, staring right at them. The guard, however, turned away and Marco was extremely puzzled to see a flash of white as if the guard were smiling. Aneo noticed it too and mentioned the fact to Marco, but they soon dismissed the incident. A black cloud rolled across the moon, and the two scurried across the courtyard and began their hazardous ascent of the wall.

"Quick," gasped Marco, as he reached the top. "The moon is coming out again."

So Aneo redoubled his efforts and reached the top after a terrific struggle. Then again a puzzling incident occurred. The scattering of bricks that Aneo had kicked loose went rolling down the wall, but the noise made by these bricks did not create any alarm in the prison. Uneasy as he was at this, Marco did not communicate his fears to Aneo, and so the two



descended the far side of the wall. When they reached the bottom, they broke into a run, heading toward the mountains, the safest refuge they knew. "At last we are safe," whispered Marco. "But be careful. We are not out of danger yet."

Then Marco and Aneo were startled by a gruff voice, saying "I should think not. You are in the very thick of it."

Before their startled eyes, the bushes parted and out strode the owner of the voice, a Genoan officer, followed by a squad of guards. They were entrapped. Marco, seeing the hopelessness of escape gave in, and the two were marched back to their cell, so recently quitted.

The wide grin on Bello's face answered their questioning brains.

"You betrayed us," spat Aneo. "You dirty, low hound, you——"

"Careful, fellow. I am a guard now, thanks to my loyalty to the governor," leered Bello.

Marco however, was overcome with rage, and planted one fist firmly on the side of Bello's jaw, sending him crashing to the ground. "I'll get you for that, you Venetian," snarled Bello.

True to his promise, Bello the next day took the two up to the Governor's office. There they were each given a month's solitary confinement for attempted escape and insubordination.

"Your name?" he asked Aneo.

"Aneo Libos."

"And yours?" to Marco.

"Marco Polo."

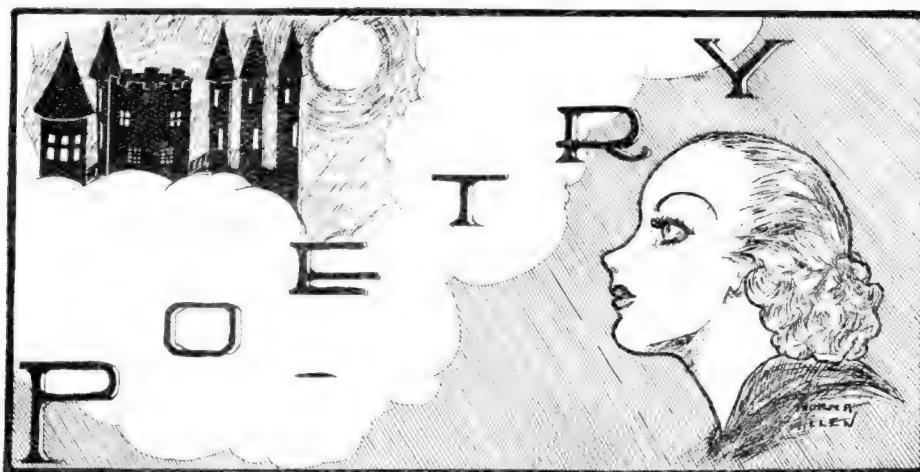
The governor looked quickly at him. The recognition gleamed in his eyes, for he had once met Marco Polo while in Venice on business.

"Well, so it is. Please accept my apologies for acting so badly to a man who has done so much for civilization. I will

fix all that. Please remember, you are still a prisoner. Don't try to escape again."

At his summons, two guards appeared. Then he gave an order and Marco and Aneo were led off in a direction different to that they had been before taken. A few moments later they found themselves in, as the guards informed them, the governor's own rooms. From that time on they were treated as royal guests. The two were given the freedom of the city on not trying to escape. The Genoans tried to outdo each other in giving banquets for the celebrated Marco Polo. During their spare moments, Marco dictated a history of his travels, which Aneo wrote down. And so the time passed in happiness and content, with now and then a tinge of homesickness.

One morning the two were awakened by a clanging of bells. They listened in wonderment, puzzled. A little later, the governor himself knocked on their door, and, when admitted, told them that Venice and Genoa were at peace and were going to exchange prisoners. Marco and Aneo were overjoyed at the prospect of returning home. On receiving the governor's permission, they set out to thank their Genoan friends for their hospitality. At noon they returned to their prison and from there the governor and a guard of honour escorted them to the flagship of the fleet which was taking the prisoners back to Venice. Finally the fleet weighed anchor and set out, and almost before Marco and Aneo realized that they were free, the towers of Venice were sighted. The fleet dropped anchor at the quay amidst rejoicing, and Marco, Aneo and the rest of the former prisoners rushed down the gangplank into the arms of their loved ones.



PIXIE LAND

I know a pretty place
 Deep in the quiet woods,
 Where only elves could live,
 Whose walks with graceful fronds
 Of bending ferns are made,
 The cool damp floor
 With a verdant rug
 Of soft green moss is covered,
 And through its centre
 A tiny stream goes gurgling
 Until in ferny border
 It is lost.
 Surely 'tis this very place that little pixies dwell.

—Adrian McMannus.



VOID

My mind, with you away,
 Is like a room whose light is gutted
 Suddenly
 And it crouches
 Numbly
 Staring at its living jet
 Hearing only its own heart
 Pounding.

—J. S.



THE RIVER

A lazy winding stream
Flowing onward to the sea
Uttering slow monotonous tones
As its waters swish by me.

As I sit upon its banks
And see its waters swiftly flowing,
Oft do I wonder whence it came,
Or to what strange it's going.

It seems to cast a spell on one
To watch it slowly drifting past,
To hear the breaking waves,
And feel the cooling spray they cast.

It makes one feel the pang
Of yearning in his soul,
A strange desire to follow it
And come upon its goal.

But why should I these moments waste
To be content to dream,
When I can gain a greater goal
Than can this wandering stream.

But life at times is very strange,
Not all who try succeed,
While others like this little stream
Are always in the lead.

Perhaps unlike this river
I may never reach my goal,
And I must be content
To see its waters softly roll.

But my time I have not wasted
As I watched it flowing by,
For although I may not win,
It has made me want to try.

—Bob Hendrie, 3-B.



FOR PEACE

Praying mothers watch and cry
As marching sons of war go by
For this is such a foolish way—
And what an awful price to pay
For Peace.

Through horrors black as darkest night
Young fellows have to go and fight
With bloody bayonet, flashing gun,
To kill some other mother's son
For Peace.

When will this dreadful combat cease
And brotherhood 'mongst folks increase?
The Golden Rule must be the way
For it on earth will now to-day
Bring Peace.

Let us forget that way to fight
And fight again, but fight for right.
Forget those wrongs we see each day
And let us fight the Saviour's way—
For Peace.

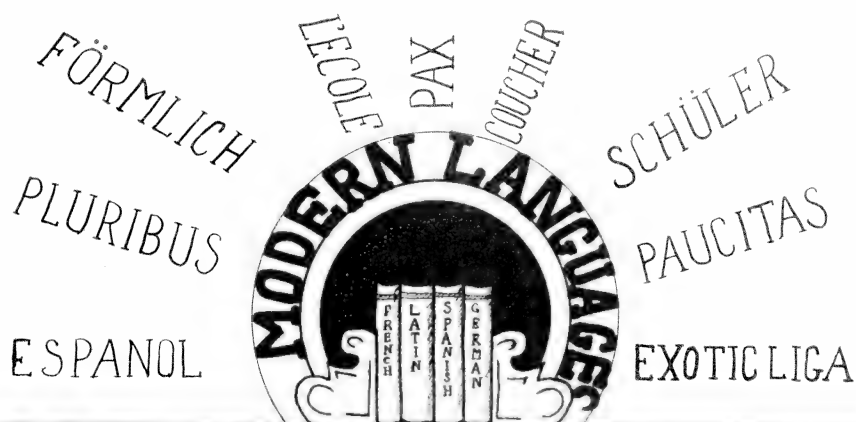
—R. N. Fulkerson.



MUSE

O! well it is that you have gone while love
Is young enough to know a numbing pain!
And better far to feel one's heart must drain
Gall-bitter dregs for strength to rise above
Its loss! It might have been that wretched sense
Of knowing only scattered ashes from
A burned-out flame; old loves are burdensome.
Frustrated joys out-shock completed—hence
The start when wine-filled glass is raised, and crushed
Half-drunk; or when, by some amazing touch,
A yet unfinished melody is hushed.
Because gods willed my having you for such
A little time, may I remember you
With all the poignant grief of these—and do!

—A. L.



LOUIS PASTEUR

EDITH HUGHES

La France a produit un des plus grands hommes de science que le monde ait jamais connus-Louis Pasteur. Grâce à lui, l'homme connaît mieux les conditions de l'existence de son propre organisme et peut entreprendre d'y combattre les causes de destruction. La plus grande ambition de Louis Pasteur c'était de découvrir les causes des maladies contagieuses, et il l'attint.

Pasteur était né en 1822 et il vivait jusqu' à l'an 1894. Il était instruit à l'Ecole Normale, à Paris, et plus tard, il devint un excellent professeur de physiques et de Chimie. Cependant, toute sa vie était dévouée à la recherche continue pour le genre humain.

C'est Pasteur à qui nous devons la vaccination qui empêche et guérit la fièvre typhoïde, la diphthérie et le choléra, le lait pasteurisé et le traitement et la guérison de la pulmonie; en effet ses dons sont infinis.

D'abord on considérait les théories de Pasteur à l'égard des microbes minutieux qui portent la maladie et souvent la mort, fort impraticables, mais enfin on reconnut leur valeur énorme et depuis ce temps-là on se sert de la vaccination partout.

Quoique Pasteur lui-même mourût il y a quarante-trois ans son oeuvre vivra toujours et nous lui devons une dette éternelle pour les conditions avancées dans lesquelles nous nous trouvons.

LERNEN SIE SPRACHEN ?

DONNA CLEMENTS, 5-B

Im Studium von den Sprachen kann man viel mehr als bloss einen Wortschatz und die Übersetzung von ein paar Büchern und Gedichten lernen. Man lernt viel

mehr, das interessant und bedeutend ist.

Wenn man eine Sprache zu lernen anfängt, ist die Neuheit des Lautes und des Wortes ganz reizend und drollig.



Wenn, jedoch, die Neuheit verschwindet, beginnen leider viele Schüler müde zu sein und sie hören auf. Wenn das Studium schwerer wird, fühlen wir uns geneigt, die Sprache vernachzulässigen. Glücklicherweise wird die Sprache leichter und viel mehr interessant, nachdem man die ersten Schwierigkeiten erobert hat. Dann ist man bereit, die Sprache zu genießen.

Dieses Jahr lesen wir zwei entzückende Bücher—"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" auf Französisch und "Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts", auf Deutsch. Sie sind beide romantisch, das deutsche zuweilen so romantisch, dass zu unseren modernen Sinnen, es ermüdend und töricht ist. Jedoch müssen wir die lieblichen Beschreibungen und die Poesie des Nachdenken bewundern. Zwar ist der Taugenichts träge und toll aber er schreibt and singt gern und wir lesen mit Lust. Was ist eine Übersetzung? Raubt sie nicht die Schönheit der Ausdrucksweise? Wer kann richtig dieses übersetzen?

"Fliegt der erste Morgenstrahl
Durch das stille Nebelthal,

Rauscht erwachend Wald und Hügel:
Wer da fliegen kann, nimmt Flügel!"
Eichendorff, "Aus dem Leben
eines Taugenichts."

Also kann man mehr als eine Übersetzung lernen. Was ist das? Ist es nicht eine Schätzung des fremden Landes und seines Volkes?

Seit dem Grossen Kriege waren unsere Sinne mit dem Hasse gefüllt. Wir haben an die Deutschen wie unmenschliche Preussen gedacht. Niemals stellten wir uns vor, dass noch solche Männer wie Eichendorff, Goethe und Schiller vielleicht lebten. Wir vergassen, dass deutsche Dichter und Musiker der Welt wahrscheinlich die schönsten Beiträge der Kunst gegeben hatten.

Indem man das Deutsch studiert, verschwindet allmählich das alte Vorurteil und man mag mehr von dem Volk und seiner Geschichte hören. Bald fühlt man eine Liebe zu dem Fremden und ich denke ordentlich, dass das Studium von fremden Sprachen eine wahre Hilfe zu internationalem Verstand ist.

Du Schones Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

—Heine.

To The Fisher-Maiden

O lovely fisher-maiden,
Do bring thy bark to land;
Do come to me and sit thee down,
We'll linger hand in hand.

Lay on my heart thy little head,
And do not fear to stay;
You trust yourself more fearlessly
To the wild waves every day.

My heart is very like the sea,
Has storm and ebb and flow,
And many precious pearls do lie
In its vast depth below.

—D. E. C., 5-B.



GLÜCKLICHE REISE !

MAJORIE HAWES, 5-B.

Ernst Baumann war ein junger Amerikaner, dessen Eltern, jedoch, aus Deutschland gekommen waren und dessen Verwandte fast alle da waren. Er hatte aber seine ganze Jugend in den Vereinigten Staaten hingebracht und, wie ein gewöhnlicher Junge, machte sich nichts aus Deutschland und deutschen Sachen. Er konnte kaum Deutsch sprechen und konnte es nur ein wenig verstehen.

Jetzt war er plötzlich ins Geld gekommen und er entschloss sich damit eine Reise nach Deutschland zu machen. Seine Eltern waren gestorben und zu der Zeit ihrer Todesfälle hatte er Briefe mit seinen deutschen Verwandten gewechselt und er dachte, dass er an diese schreiben würde. Wie mich, mit der Hilfe seines deutschen Wörterbushes schrieb er seinem Vetter August, um ihm die gute Nachrichten zu sagen und sich einzuladen, bei ihm zu bleiben. Sein Brief kam zurück: niemand war da. Nur ein wenig gestört, sagte er nichts von seiner Absicht sondern reiste ab. Als der Dampfer segelfertig war, waren all seine Freunde am Dock um ihm "eine glückliche Reise" zu wünschen. Alles schien ihm sehr schön und rosig und er war höchst freudig.

Sein neues Geld gefiel ihm sehr, weil er jede gewünschte Sache hatte. Es war nicht anders, als ob er in Milch und Honig schwämme und er freute sich sehr. Er war ein grosser, gesunder Junge und er quälte sich über gar nichts. Er hatte keine Ahnung, dass er Verdruss mit der Sprache haben würde—in der Tat dachte er daran gar nicht. Er hatte sein Wörterbuch mitgebracht und dieses sollte für ihn gut genug sein. Er quälte sich über seinen Vetter auch nicht. Er hatte ihm schon vielmal telegraphiert aber keine Antwort zurückgekommen war. Nichtsdestoweniger dachte er, dass er ihn finden

würde und landete in Hamburg ganz ruhig. Wieder war alles zu seiner Verfügung und er entschloss sich ein paar Wochen da zu bleiben. Hier war alles in der grossen Stadt beinahe so wie sein eigenes New York. Er wohnte in einem grossen feinen Hotel und hier war alles noch recht schön und bequem. Er sagte sich, "Sie hatten recht, als sie mir 'Glückliche Reise' wünschten. Diese ist die glücklichste Reise, wovon man träumen könnte." Um die Wahrheit zu sagen war er jetzt ein wenig verwirrt, als er in die Läden ging und fühlte sich in der Mitte einer solchen Kauderwelsch—sprechenden Menge sehr fremd. Jedoch, ging es ihm nicht so schlecht und er genoss sich viel.

Während er in Hamburg war, versuchte er wieder an seinen Vetter zu telefonieren aber mit keinem Erfolg. Er hatte viel von den Schönheiten Deutschlands gehört und wollte sie sehen. Dafür entschloss er sich eine lange Reise durch Deutschland zu machen, am Ende wovon er die Heimatstadt seines Vetters, München, besuchen würde. Er hoffte, dass zu dieser Zeit sein Vetter zuhause sein würde aber er ängstigte sich nicht darüber.

Jetzt kam eine Änderung für ihn. Anstatt seines feinen Hotels gab es immer ein kleines armseliges Wirtshaus und nicht länger hatte er eine Speisekarte, worauf er die Gewünschte zeigen könnte. Jetzt musste er zum Kellner Deutsch sprechen und für ihm war es schrecklich. Er schien nicht zu wissen, dass deutsche Wörter gebiegt werden müssen und er gab immer den Nominativ eines Substantivs, und den Infinitiv eines Zeitworts. Wenn er nicht das deutsche Wort wusste, dann gab er ihm das Englisch mit einer deutschen Endung und dachte dass er ganz recht hatte. Der Kellner sah ihn immer



mit grossen Augen an und schien es für drollig zu halten. Er könnte sich nicht einbilden, warum er dieses tat aber dachte dass es bloss aunländische enwissenheit wäre und stellte sich nicht vor, dass er selbst der unwissende Ausländer wäre. Hören Sie dieses Gespräch.

"Herr Ober, kommen Sie hier bitte." Zu dieser Zeit räusperte er sich aus Stolz aber dann war sein Behagen am Ende und er begann mit englischer Ausprache zu stottern.

"Bringen Sie me ein . . . hm . . . Paar (*now wait a minute*) Schinken Sandwich—(*you know?*) und hier legte er eine Hand auf die andere, um zu zeigen was ein "Sandwich" war. "Und zwei, bringen me ein Stück von eine Torte—ach Sie Haben terrible Torte—never mind. Eine Tasse von der . . . der Kaffee—Und er möchte doch wissen, warum der Kellner lachte.

Als er vollendet war, ging er zum Bahnhof und wieder in den Zug kletterte. Die Verwirrung hatte ihn ein wenig müde gemacht wie dich lieber Leser oder liebe Leserin und er entschloss sich entweder seinen Vetter zu finden oder nach Amerika wieder zu fahren. "Glückliche Reise," dachte er bitterlich. Es ist schreckliche Reise, wenn man von diesen unwissenden Fremden nicht verstanden wird. In solcher Gemutsverfassung fuhr er mehrere Meilen, und, ehe er es sich vorstellen könnte, rief der Schaffner "München! München! Alle umsteigen! Alle umsteigen!"

Von dem Bahnhof, ging er zum Wirtshaus und fragte den Wirt.

"Kann ich bitte ein Platz haben?" Innerlich gratulierte er sich darüber, weil er nicht wusste, dass man nicht "Platz" sagt wenn mann "Zimmer" bedeutet und war also überrascht, als der Wirt ihm ein-

en Stuhl holte, indem er ihn mit einem sehr seltsamen Blick ansah, und schien zu denken, der Fremde wäre verrückt. Herr Ernst wusste nicht, warum der Wirt dies getan hat aber er war sehr höflich und um nicht grob zu sein setzte sich daran und blieb da mehr als zehn Minuten. Am Ende dieser Zeit stand er auf und ging wieder zum Pult.

"Haben hie doch meinen Platz?" fragte er.

"Ach ja," antwortete reizbar der beschäftigte Wirt "Dort ist es. Warum plagen Sie mich darüber?"

Ernst drehte sich sehr zornig um und schritt ins Freie hinaus. Um seinen Verdross loszuwerden, machte er einen langen Spaziergang. Allmählich fühlte er sich ruhiger und schritt immer vorwärts und vergass die Zeit. Endlich fand er sich fern auf dem Lande. Plötzlich wurde es ihm klar, dass es sehr spät geworden war und dass er sehr schnell gehen musste, wenn er die Nacht in einem Bett schlafen wollte. Bald begann es zu regnen und bloss nach einer langen Verwanderung erreichte er den Heimweg. Als er in der Nähe von der Stadt war, traf er einen Automobilist dessen Motor kaput war. Hier war Ernst zuhause—er verstand dieses und glücklicherweise sprach der Neue auch Englisch. Nachdem der Motor fertig war, führten die zwei eine Unterhaltung. Ernst erfuhr, dass der Fremde August Baumann war.

"Ach schön! Ach wundersam! Gott sei Dank!" brach Ernst aus. "Sie sind mein verlorener Vetter! Sind Sie auf Reisen gewesen?"

"**Jawohl," antwortete der andere, "sachs Monate, aber jetzt bin ich auf dem Heimweg. Kommen Sie doch mit!"

Und so war es ihm endlich eine glückliche Reise.



We are printing a group of extracts from interesting letters written by French students to pupils in this school. In this way we hope that the Modern Language section may prove more interesting to everyone. We should like to thank those who have kindly allowed us to use their letters.

21 April, 1936.

Dear Isabel:

We have been studying England and her colonies this year and from my faint knowledge, I imagine the crops of Canada are like those of France apart from the snow which you get during the winter. You are lucky indeed to live near the Ontario lake for it seem to me that lake must be very large and very beautiful.

We are about two hundred pupils at the high school of St. Leonard, fifty of them are day-girl. Our school very old, we have a very large garden in which we can walk during play-time. The town possesses two high schools, one is a girls' school and the other a boys' school. We are as 20 km. from the chief town which is Limoges renowned for its china.

Yvonne.

Dear Winifred: 27 December, 1936.

Now I write Canadian. I go not to school, I rest at home with my parents. I practice the car, and air-plane with many friends. I go in over the country to do a journey along the sea. Have you the sea, from you?

I live in a small town in the Sud of France, near the Ocean Atlantic at 100 km. Her name is Angoulême and there is only 40,000. We have a beautiful cathedral and a town-hall of the King François I (1490).

At my school during the recreation we play, with my friends at volley-ball or basket-ball. I walk many, because it is good for my health. I go up with the "Avoine." I love it. It is my preferred sport. Does you love it?

Jacqueline Larrouy,
Angoulême, Charente, France.

My dear Donna:

I see in your letter that you love your native country and I comprehend you. I love and admire France that is very beautiful with green trees and meadows, forests, and woods, antique historic castles and monuments, but I prefer Algeria with her small landscapes captivating by their loveliness, or her grand and imposing prospects. The ground is not very fertile and even it is quite barren. There are no immense forests like in the South of Africa, but there are vineyards and fields of corn in a great quantity.

Near Mascara there is a mountain range without one tree. The sunsets chiefly over the sea are fairy. I am very fond of the sea and I think that it is the most beautiful during a tempest, and when the high waves beat against the rocks with a terrible noise. Do you like a journey on board? I think that it is no finer sight than a tall ship ploughing the sea, while her flag streams in the wind, and gleams in the sunshine.

Gilberte Serfati,
A la Midinette,
Mostaganem, Algeria.

24th of January, 1935.

Dear Muriel:

When I knew the death of the England's king, I was pained because His Majesty George V was loved very much in Algeria and by all the French. Are you playing during the Christmas holidays? I have played very much and I have gone back to school from three weeks.

Here it is very hot in this time and all the people in summer's clothes.

Viviane Stilhart
Mostaganem,
Algeria, Africa.



TOSCANINI—THE LIVING FLAME

WHILE an Italian opera company was touring South America in 1886 the conductor, who was not popular with either the orchestra members or the soloists, suddenly resigned. On this particular evening the opera house was packed and the audience was awaiting the rising of the curtain on "Aida," the opera scheduled for the evening.

Among the players was a young 'cellist, Arturo Toscanini. Many times before he had shown that he was well acquainted with the music of the operas. The manager in despair accepted the advice of several of the other orchestra men and called upon Toscanini to direct. Soon a young boy nervously entered the conductor's box. Without opening any score he rapped the stand sharply and the men began to play as they never had before. Some enthusiasm and spirit about their leader seemed to inspire them to greater and better musicianship. The imagination of the audience was also stirred. Never before had it heard such a thrilling performance of "Aida."

During the rest of the tour he directed eighteen other operas and all without a note of music before him. Thus did Toscanini enter the musical world as a conductor and since that time his fame has grown steadily. He is truly a master of

his art.

Throughout the four decades in which he had conducted a bewildering variety of works, never once has he directed from a printed score at a performance and very seldom even at rehearsals. It has been said that he was compelled by necessity to develop his memory because he was so short-sighted but a memory like Toscanini's does not have to be developed.

A famous story concerning his memory may well be repeated here. A double-bassoon player once came to Toscanini before a rehearsal and complained that his instrument was defective and that it could not play the note E flat. Toscanini held his head in his hands for several moments and then patting the musician on the shoulder said "That's all right. The note E flat does not appear in your music to-day."

Toscanini, one of the most modest but well-beloved musicians of to-day, approaches music with a reverence due to nothing else but religion. He accepts applause as though it were something undesirable for he feels that it diverts the tribute from the composer to the conductor. It is because of this that he follows so closely the markings added to the script by the composer; music according to him, is not to be interfered with. The



conductor is only the interpreter of the writer's emotions and should not in any way change the composition to suit his own ideas.

Toscanini sometimes becomes very sentimental. Puccini, a great composer, died before he had completed the score of "Turandot." Although Franco Alfano completed it, retaining the composer's spirit, Toscanini refused to conduct any but the unfinished work. Thus, in the midst of a phrase, the music suddenly ceased and Toscanini, his face pale and his whole body trembling with emotion, turned to the audience and exclaimed, "Here—here—the Maestro died." This

was the sincere gesture of a man who loved both the music and the composer.

Thus Toscanini won for himself a place in the hearts of all who worked with him or came under his influence in any way. His keen sense of hearing and his marvellous memory were even then as now the envy of many other noted musicians. However above all these stand out his love for the music and the writer and the desire to express the composer's thoughts and feelings. This reverence is clearly shown in his words, wrung from his very heart, after the unfinished performance of "Turandot," "Here—here—the Maestro died."



MUSIC IN HEALING

IT has been noticed from the very earliest times that music has a peculiar effect in healing. Only recently however has the idea been scientifically investigated and now it has been definitely proven that this is an excellent use for music.

All through history there have been instances of its use in curing insanity. Galen, the greatest of Roman doctors put it to this use as did many others of the Greeks and Romans. Three famous rulers were restored to sanity by it. The first of these was Saul, of biblical fame who could only be brought out of his deep fits of melancholy which approached very closely to madness, by means of music. The case was almost the same with Philip V of Spain who was restored from the last stages by the singing of the famous Farinelli who sang to him every day. Gradually the King's interest revived, he became discriminating and as his attention was thoroughly aroused, a rapid and permanent cure followed. Before he went completely insane, George III of England used to have spells of madness come over him every so often. He could usually feel these coming on and always asked for music which soothed him con-

siderably as he knew from experience.

Late in the eighteenth century a Dr. Nimmir experimented with music at an institution for the mentally unbalanced. He found that after the piano was played for half an hour to fourteen hundred women, all responded in one way or another and with slow music even the worst cases were soothed and dropped asleep. After several repetitions of the experiment the condition of all was much improved. At the turn of this century the Guild of St. Cecilia was organized to give curative concerts at asylums and hospitals. The results were astonishing.

Aside from pure insanity cases, music has been of great use in curing insomnia and pain. In the early part of this century, Dr. Bechinsky, a Russian of note, was called to a child who couldn't sleep because of night terrors. He prescribed the playing of one of the Chopin Waltzes and the effect was immediate and satisfactory. In 1892 Dr. Hunter discovered that music could bring much relief and comfort in hospital wards and after trying different instruments found the lyre and harp most effective. In 1899 Dr. Herbert Dinon tested the effect of music on



his patients and found that quick, lively music helped those with slow circulation and low vitality while soft soothing music drove away night terrors and delirium.

In 1903 Dr. Xavier Vernier proved that music could dispel fatigue and also acted as a stimulus for more work. "Allegro maestoso militario" movements were found to be more conducive to work than "allegretto" movements.

Besides all this, music has been credited with curing many diseases. Homer writes that it stopped a hemorrhage in Ulysses. Other Greeks and Romans also believed in it. Aesculapius cured deafness by means of a trumpet. Aulus Gelius declared that sciatica was cured by gentle modulations and in this he was supported less than two hundred years ago by Buratto, a French physician. Martinus stated that he was very successful in removing fevers by song and as recently as 1893 Dr. Hunter found that soft music did reduce fever in several cases—often as much as two degrees. Fairly recently also Drs. Bruckman and Hufeland reported cures of St. Vitus dance through it and Dr. Desserarts told of a cure of catelepsy in a similar manner.

Perhaps the first real experiment on the physioloizical effects music on the circulation was performed by A. E. M. Gretry, a French musician. In his "Essai sur Musique" he describes it and says that he proved that the rate of the pulse beat

varies with the tempo of the music. The same conclusion was reached in 1895 by Binet and Courtier who conducted a series of experiments on the capillary circulation of the hand. These same experimenters also found that music affects the rate of respiration. They discovered that it generally causes an increase, which becomes greater for the minor mode and discordant songs.

In 1918 Hyde and Scalpino found that it has a peculiar effect on the heart. They observed that slow tragic pieces like Tschaikowsky's "Death Symphony" increased the heart action but caused a fall in blood pressure. On the other hand a sprightly air like "The Toreador's Song" from "Carmen" decreased the action but caused the pressure to rise. Professor Seashore discovered that some themes such as the "Giant's Motive" from "Das Rheingela" increased musical pressure and endurance, and Lomard noticed that the intensity of knee jerks varied as music approached and receded—try it some time.

From this evidence we must draw the conclusion that music influences all the systems of the body and thus has an important bearing on health. Following this line of thought, we decide that good music must mean good health. Therefore we should cultivate music—for our health's sake as well as for the enjoyment we get from it.—H. R.



THE ORCHESTRA

IT is only fitting that a section of the magazine be devoted to the Senior Orchestra as a token of appreciation for their efforts in making more enjoyable the ordinary school-day. Assembly without its stirring marches would be a dull routine and it is doubtful if there is an-

other student activity which has responded so long and so willingly to all demands made upon it. The school in general owes Mr. Brush and the members of this splendid organization the very best of support.

Last year the Orchestra was again rep-



SCHOOL BAND

Back row: W. Whiting, B. Hammett, M. Gibson, W. McMahan, D. Richardson, B. Manser, D. Greason, B. Taylor, B. Williams, D. Baird.
 Middle row: W. Jarvis, V. Hanmore, R. McAllister, D. Park, J. Mackenzie, Mr. Brush, S. Kay, F. Jones, B. Coles, M. Vokes.
 Front row: B. Thompson, B. Whitely, D. Elliott, D. Asbury, E. Bonner, J. Smith, B. Simpson, B. Anderson, J. Conner, B. Bury, D. Hallam.

resented in the Ontario Secondary Schools Symphony Orchestra, a selected body of over one hundred and thirty members picked from high school orchestras all over the province. Those representing the school were Elaine Ward, Jim Connor, Bill Cole and Eugene Cares. We feel that these students bring great honour to the Orchestra and to the S. C. I.

In the 1936 Lambton County Musical Festival the Orchestra, although not winning the competition against a more experienced orchestra from Stratford, made a very creditable showing in the playing of the test selection, Mozart's "Don Juan." They are now working with redoubled efforts on this year's test piece, "La Dame Blanche" by Boieldieu. We wish them every success.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.
 Piano—Alex Bedard.
 Violins—Bill Cole, Mary Keskanek, Elaine Ward, Stewart McDermid, Ray Dailey, Howard Cameron, Murray Phibbs, Dick Young, Mary Kolody, Dorothy VanSickle, Harold Galloway.
 Flute—Jim Connor.
 Clarinets—Jim Smith, Doug Elliot, David Asbury, Bill Whitely.
 Trumpets—Bob Bury, Bruce Thompson, Eugene Cares, Don Hallam.
 Horns—Bruce Taylor, Doug Richardson.
 Euphonium—Mill Manser.
 Trombone—Murray Gibson, Bob Hammett.
 Bass—Mr. Dobbins.
 Drums—Don Baird.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back row: B. Whitely, J. Connor, D. Richardson, B. Manser, D. Asbury, B. Thompson, B. Bury.
 Middle row: B. Jarvis, Mr. Brush, D. Elliot, E. Bonner, J. G. Smith, M. Gibson, B. Taylor, D. Baird, B. Hammett.
 Front row: H. Galloway, M. Phibbs, O. Young, B. Coles, A. Bedard, M. Kolody, D. Van-Sickle, S. McDermid, R. Dailey.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

THE main reason for the high standard of work displayed by the Senior Orchestra and the Band lies in the fact that beneath these two senior activities there is a good foundation, the Junior Orchestra. In this organization the younger musicians are given a training which fits them for entrance into the more advanced groups later on.

At the Lambton County Musical Festival held last May, the Junior Orchestra played the march "Pomp and Chivalry" by Roberts and were successful in retaining the St. Clair Chapter I.O.D.E. Shield. This year, the orchestra again plans to enter the Festival and is preparing "Tambourine" by Rameau.

THE BAND

NINETEEN thirty-seven completes twelve years of progress for our School Band under the able leadership of Mr. W. E. Brush. Since the band was organized in 1925 it has gained steadily in the quality of music rendered as well

as in numbers. From scarcely more than a dozen members it has grown to a splendid concert and military band of nearly forty pieces, whose efficiency at the last Cadet Inspection brought high praise from Captain Foster, the inspecting offi-



cer.

Not content with a school-year of hard work, the band carried on practices well into the summer holidays and entered a band competition at the Waterloo Festival, the test selection being "Operatic Bouquet" by Bidgood. They were successful in winning second place. The school extends to Mr. Brush and the band congratulations and best wishes for the future.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Flute—Jim Connor.

Clarinets—Frank Bonner, Jim Smith, Ray Oliver, Doug Elliot, Paul Simpson, Bill Whitely, David Asbury, Bill Anderson, Tom Murphy.

Saxophone—Stewart McDermid.

Trumpets—Bob Bury, Bruce Thompson, Stan Kay, Jack McKenzie, Eugene Cares, Don Hallam, Don Parks, Roy McAllister, Cameron Thompson, Frank Janes.

Horns—Bruce Taylor, Wes McMahan, Bill Cole, Bill Williams, Doug Richardson.

Euphonium—Bill Manser, Bill Whiting.

Trombones—Murray Gibson, Bob Hammett.

Basses—Mr. Dobbins, Bill Jarvis, Myles Vokes.

Drums—Don Baird, Ed Powell, Ray Dailey.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS

THIS year, through the courtesy of the Sarnia Music and Drama Association, the students of the school have had the opportunity of hearing short vocal and instrumental afternoon concerts given by various prominent artists.

On November 18, 1936, the student body turned out in large numbers to hear the celebrated Canadian pianist and second leader of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Reginald Stewart, give a number of selections on the piano, some of them suggested by members of the audience.

The second concert which was presented on January 20 featured the well known New York soprano, Miss Rose Dirmann, who was accompanied by Miss Marion Brownell. Miss Dirmann, who had recently appeared in Toronto concerts, gave a number of very enjoyable solos and Miss Brownell gave several selections on the piano.

It is expected that before the magazine is issued the third of these concerts will have taken place. This is to be given

by the Spivák String Quartet of Toronto.

We are grateful to the Sarnia Music and Drama Association for making these concerts possible and assure the members of that organization that their efforts are deeply appreciated and enjoyed.

After an absence of several years Dr. Stratford has returned to devote his time to discussing some of the operas with the music-lovers of the school. Dr. Stratford is well acquainted with his subject and we are indeed fortunate in having him come to us for an hour or more on Tuesday afternoons to play some of his fine operatic recordings and picture for us the scenes and the actions of the play. This year the opening opera was "Werther." Later we hope to hear some orchestral selections in which Mr. H. H. Moor is keenly interested. Although the attendance at these meetings has been small it is hoped that in the future more students will avail themselves of this splendid opportunity for music appreciation.



CADET DANCE

THE Cadet Dance, which is always an enjoyable affair was no exception last year. A large crowd attended the dance which was held in the school gymnasium on the evening of May 21, following Cadet Inspection. Officers of the Cadet Corps, immaculate in their dark uniforms added a touch of dignity to the occasion, and the colourful gowns of the ladies contrasted delightfully with them.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr and Mrs. C. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mendizabal and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury.

Dancing continued from nine until one to an enjoyable programme of music furnished by Bill Clarke and his Collegians. The event was fittingly brought to a close with the playing of the National Anthem.

TEA DANCE

Following the sensational rise of Dan O'Donohue's senior rugby players to win the Wossa district title against London South, an informal tea dance was held in the Boys' gymnasium on the evening of Nov. 7, 1936. Students from both London South and our own S. C. I. displayed a keen sense of the old fighting spirit, as they lustily shouted their school yells, each trying to drown out the other in friendly rivalry. Dancing continued from

seven until nine to music provided by Jack Kennedy and his band. During the evening light refreshments were served.

This was the first tea dance to be held at the school for a number of years and proved to be such a success that a similar informal tea dance was held on the evening of January 29. Clare Thorner and his orchestra provided music for the dancers from seven until nine.



"AT HOME"

The annual "At Home," a high-light of the S. C. I. social activities, was held on the evening of Dec. 28, 1936 in the girl's gymnasium and proved to be one of the gayest dances of the Christmas season. The decorating scheme was cleverly executed. A low ceiling effect was given by the artistic looping and interlacing of brightly-coloured streamers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Batten and Mr. H. D. VanHorne received the guests.

The orchestra, under the direction of Bill Clarke, played from a raised platform which was elaborately hung with purple and gold decorations. During the

intermission light refreshments were served, following which Mr. and Mrs. Asbury led the Grand March. Colourful favours, which always add much to the enjoyment and gayety of any dance, were handed out at the end of the March by Betty Abram, Jimmy Woodcock, Olga Mackey and Jack Driscoll.

The committee under the chairmanship of Neil Darrach is to be congratulated on the success of the dance. Those in charge of the arrangements and responsible for the efficient manner in which every detail was carried out were: Refreshments—Kay Taylor; Invitations—Jean Phillips; Decorations—Jack Driscoll; Program—Don Taylor.

FRESHETTE'S RECEPTION

The annual reception for the newcomers to the S. C. I. was held on Friday evening, October 23, 1936. Throughout the day these youngsters had been forced to wear comical outfits and perform any task their Senior ordered them to do.

The Freshettes were led blindfolded around the gymnasium and were obliged to go through many undignified and awkward

movements much to the amusement of the spectators.

After the girls were made aware of their position as students of the S. C. I. they were treated to ice cream and sent home. The evening's enjoyment compensated any sting which the Freshettes may have suffered.

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

This year the Freshmen's Reception was held in October, the week following the girls' initiation. The freshmen were given a reminder that they were just beginning an important period of their young life.

Mr. Thomson and Mr. Olde, new additions to the teaching staff of the S. C. I. were not forgotten and were also initiated via the "blanket toss route."

School cheers were reviewed under leadership of the Seniors. Following this, the serious part of the evening was reached when a Senior read the oath all freshmen must take to become a full-fledged member of the S. C. I. The freshmen were treated to ice cream and bon-bons as the successful evening came to a close.

Members of the Boys' Athletic Executive were in charge of the arrangements.



CADET INSPECTION 1936

TO the snappy marching tunes of our own band, the seven platoons of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School's Cadet Corps were inspected on May 21st of last year. As the boys drilled and sweltered in the bright warm sunshine, the remainder of the student body watched from the sidelines.

Commencing with the usual parade through the downtown section of the city, the cadets were marched on to the campus where they were drilled before over 200 spectators. Captain H. W. Foster of the Strathcona Horse, cadet inspector for Military District No. 1, was the inspecting officer. He congratulated the officers on the way in which they handled the cadets and mentioned particularly the ceremonial and platoon drill.

Marksmanhip awards were presented to R. Mendizabal, B. Nelson, J. MacKenzie, R. Daily, F. Marsden, A. Dallier, T. Sleeth, W. Humphrey, R. Kember, W. Lester, T. Ross, G. Link, H. Glaab, J. Smith, E. Kent, T. Davidson and C. Sadlier.

The remarkable efficiency of the corps was evident when the results were an-

nounced for it stood first in the district in general efficiency and also first in physical training, winning the Strathcona Trust Trophies for both. The Signal Corps placed third in the district competition. The First Aid team was second in the district.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

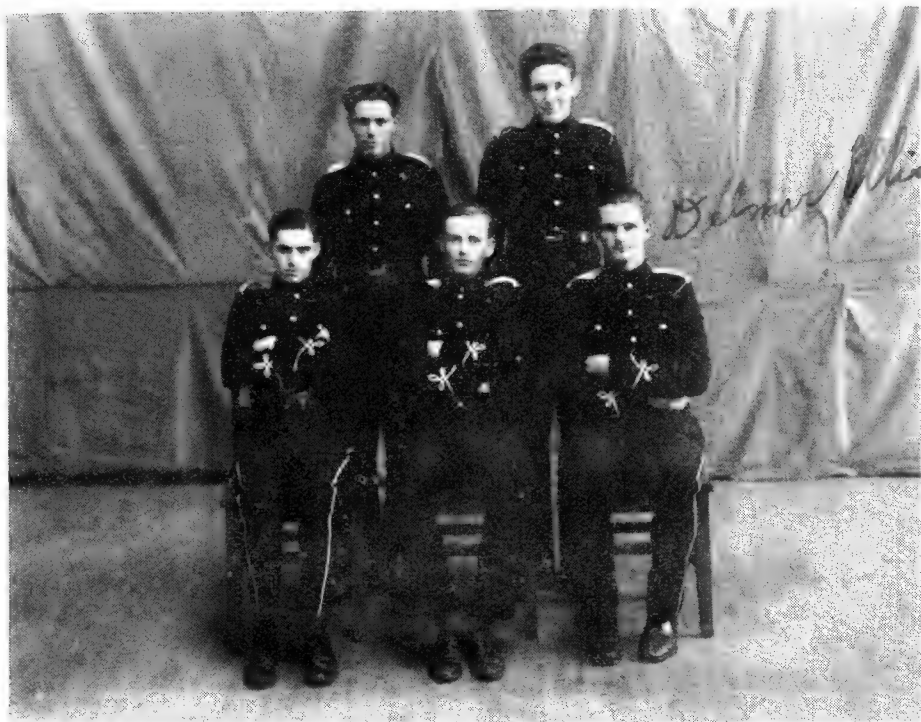
Btn. O.C. Cadet Major—J. Clunie.
Adjutant Cadet Capt.—R. Mendizabal.
Quartermaster Cadet Lieut.—W. Perry.
Non-Commissioned Officers—R.S.M. A. Bedard.

A. COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—N. Darrach.
Cadet Lieut.—W. Lester.
Cadet Lieut.—C. Cote.
Cadet Lieut.—J. Thain.
C.S.M.—C. Peterson.
Sergt.—H. Griffiths.
Sergt.—R. Skam.
Sergt.—L. Craig.

B. COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—G. Gough.
Cadet Lieut.—D. Hunt.
Cadet Lieut.—R. McMiller.
Cadet Lieut.—L. Galloway.



SENIOR FIRST AID

Back row: F. Kearney, V. Harris.
Front row: R. Aiken, M. Phibbs, D. Ellis.

Cadet Lieut.—H. Callister.
C.S.M.—L. Williams.
Sergt.—L. Allen.
Sergt.—T. Lambert.
Sergt.—H. Washburn.
Sergt.—T. Leckie.

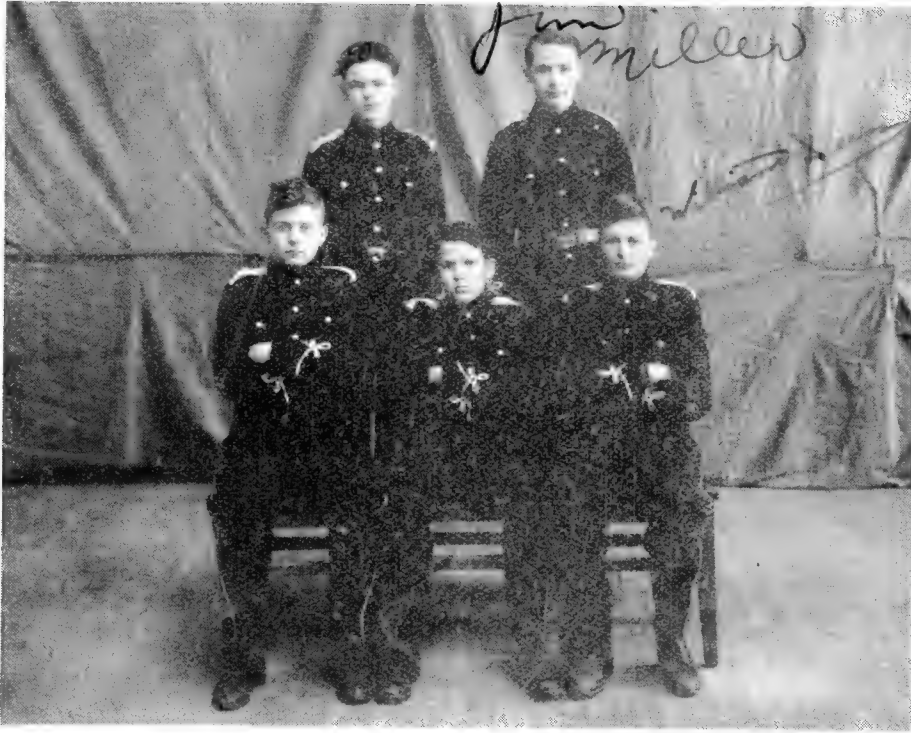
Band Cadet Lieut.—C. Stover.
Signallers Cadet Lieut.—C. Myles.
G. H. Q.
Orderly Sergt.—J. Williamson.
Orderlies—J. Stronach, L. Bailey, W. Humphrey.

♦ ♦ ♦

FIRST AID

First Aid is probably one of the most useful of school activities. A first aider is amply repaid for the time spent in acquiring useful skill for the treatment of injured. The members of both teams wish to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation to Mr. Louis Crockett for his services as instructor,

The Senior team, consisting of Victor Harris, Murray Phibbs, Ross Aiken, Delmar Ellis, placed second in the district. The Junior Team were fourth in the district. It consisted of Jack Oliver, Kenneth Plummer, Bill Deen and Jim Miller.



JUNIOR FIRST AID

Back row: L. Goring, J. Miller.

Front row: K. Plummer, J. Oliver, W. Deem.

SHOOTING

This year in the winter competitions of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the rifle teams were successful in winning special certificates as the result of having made averages of over 95 per cent. for the Seniors and over 89.6 per cent. for the Juniors.

Those who made scores over their averages received Second Class D.C.R.A. medals. The Special Gold Medal for the Highest Aggregate score was won by R. Mendizabal. Silver Medals were won by B. Nelson, F. Marsden, D. Mackenzie. The Strathcona Silver Medal for the best shot in the school was won by B. Nelson.

In a special competition of the Dominion Marksmen, the following team won

the Fraser Shield for first place in the district: R. Mendizabal, R. Dailey, F. Marsden, W. Humphrey, and B. Nelson. A team consisting of 10 men also won second place in the Royal Military College Competition.

The following represented the school at the annual D. C. R. A. Competition at Connaught Ranges, Ottawa, in August: R. Dailey, R. Mendizabal, W. Humphrey, T. Sleeth, F. Marsden, W. Lester, B. Nelson. This team won the Colonel White Memorial Clock in the inter-corps competition and several medals and individual prizes including: First in Green Shot—W. Lester. First in the Open—R. Mendizabal.



SIGNALLING TEAM

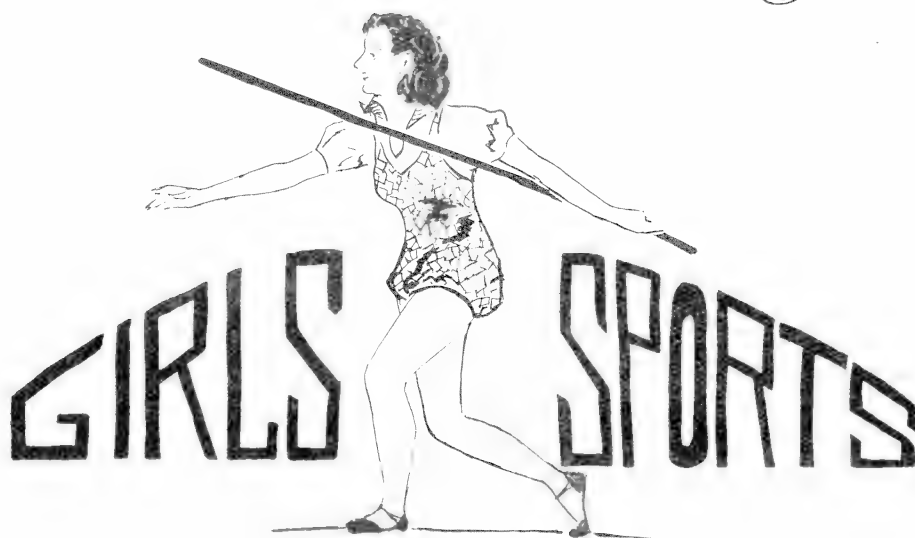
Back row: L. Marwood, R. Clarke, B. Hollands, Andrew, D. Hodgins.
 Middle row: G. White, W. Williams, D. Rutherford, Mr. Ritchie, B. Kerr, J. Clarke, W. Ford.
 Front row: M. Taylor, M. Ritchie, A. Lawson, E. Myles, D. Knowles, G. Smith, E. Banks.

SIGNALLING

In this year's Moyer Cup Competitions, Sarnia's Signalling Team placed third with 943 points, behind Strathroy with 980 points and Ingersoll with 955. While the boys themselves are to be congratulated for their splendid showing, much of the credit must be given to Mr. Ritchie, one of our science teachers, who pa-

tiently spent much of his spare time in getting the team into shape. Without his aid, the boys could not have met with such success. The members of the squad were: C. Myles, Hodgins, B. Kirr, Williams, M. Phibbs, McKelvie, N. Fulkerson, W. Lawson, Ford, M. Ritchie, B. Knowles, Rutherford and K. Rooney.





DURING 1936-37, the regular sports of the school year were carried on. Fewer tournaments were held this year, but those who entered the after-school sports derived much pleasure and benefit from these games. Miss Ramsden is abroad, studying Finnish gymnastics, of which we shall hear more, no doubt, in the coming years. We are most fortunate in having such an excellent substitute teacher as Miss Ruth Bald from whose P. T. classes we have learned new exercises and gained many new ideas. Miss Bald has not confined her interests to gym work but has eagerly entered the activities of the G. A. A. in the school.

This year it was decided to buy pins for the executive. This has not been done in previous years but it was felt that the pins would be highly valued by the girls. In the spring, volley-ball, dancing and swimming competitions will be held, the winners to receive pennants to be hung in their form rooms for the year.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Honorary Presidents—Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, Miss Bald.
President—Winifred Durnford. Vice-President—Jean Phillips.
Secretary—Donna Clements. Treasurer—Eleanor McLeod.

CURATORS

Badminton, Isabel Mendizabal; Baseball, Jean Duncan; Soccer, Helen Shaw; Swimming, Audrey Macmillan; Track and Field, Kathryn Hayes; Dancing, Katharine Taylor; Basketball, Edith McDonald; Volley Ball, Eleanor Southcombe.

The executive of the Girls' Athletic Association is composed of curators who are convenors of committees formed of captains from each form. These girls

have charge, not only of their own special sport, but also of all work carried on by the girls concerning the school. This year the G. A. A., in co-operation with the



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back row: J. Duncan, E. McDonald, A. Macmillan, Mr. Asbury, Miss Bald, H. Shaw, K. Hayes
 Front row: D. Clements, I. Mendizabal, W. Durnford, E. Southcombe, E. McLeod.

Boys' Athletic Association arranged for two tea dances besides preparing several

numbers for the school show.

♦ ♦ ♦

 SWIMMING

Last year in June the examinations of the Royal Life Saving Society were carried on in the S. C. I. Every year the increasing number of students who pass the tests, prove that the pool is not open in vain. Swimming is one of the most practical sports available to our students and it is gratifying to know that so many girls have gained valuable knowledge of life-saving during their high school days.

The following awards were made last year:

First Class Instructor's Certificate and Award of Merit—Geraldine Whitcombe.

Award of Merit—Doris Brown, Audrey Macmillan.

Bronze Medallion—Corle Gort, Isabel Mendizabal, Jean Phillips, Lavarre Storing, Elaine Ward.

Intermediate Certificate—Lillian Bell, Florence Benson, Corle Gort, Isabel Mendizabal, Lillian Northrup, Jean Phillips, Lavarre Storing, Elaine Ward.

Elementary Certificates—Millicent Baxter, Lillian Bell, Marie Kent, Florence Benson, Beatrice Dennis, Corle Gort, Ilene Luther, Lillian Northrup, Nora MacNamara, Jean Phillips, Jessie Riddoch, Ruby Stewardson, Lavarre Storing, Jessie Walker.



TRACK AND FIELD

The morning events of the meet were keenly contested this year with a large number of contestants. The winning form was Special Commercial in the Senior group. Commercial 2B in the Intermediate and T1B in the Junior. The fol-

lowing were declared winners in their respective divisions: Senior—Josie Jacques and Phyllis Campbell. Intermediate—Winifred Elnor. Junior—Marguerite Clarke.

Detailed results are:

Basketball for Distance: Sr.—1, J. Jacques; 2., E. McDonald. Int.—1, I. Moorehouse; 2, H. Garnham; 3, P. Bloomfield. Jr.—1, J. Carlton; 2, R. Tyrie; 3, J. Thompson.

Basketball Shooting: Sr.—1, P. Hobin; 2, E. McDonald. Int.—1, M. Simmons; 2, D. Scarrow; 3, I. Case. Jr.—1, L. Walker; 2, J. Carlton; 3, I. McCrae.

High Jump: Sr.—1, P. Campbell; 2, P. Hobin. Int.: 1, W. Elnor, 2, M. Simmons; 3, I. Moorehouse. Jr.: 1, O. Petro, 2, L. Walker; 3, M. Stirrett.

Dashes, 50, 75 yds.: Sr.—1, P. Campbell; 2, J. Jacques. Int.—1, W. Durnford; 2, W. Elnor; 3, L. Brooks. Jr.—1, M. Clarke; 2, J. Carlton; 3, O. Petro.

Baseball Pitching: Sr.—1, J. Jacques; 2, P. Hobin; 3, E. McDonald. Int.—1, W. Elnor; 2, P. Bloomfield; 3, H. Garnham. Jr.—1, M. Stirrett; 2, M. Clarke; 3, J. Naylor.

Baseball for Distance: Sr.—1, J. Jacques; 2, P. Campbell; 3, P. Hobin. Int.—1, L. Brooks; 2, M. Simmons; 3, I. Moorehouse. Jr.—1, M. Clarke, 2, J. Thompson, 3, M. Sitrrett.

Broad Jump: Sr.—1, J. Jacques; 2, P. Campbell; 3, P. Hobin. Int.—1, W. Elnor; 2, E. Lyford; 3, M. Kobbins. Jr.—1, M. Clarke; 2, R. Tyrie; 3, J. Thompson.

Potato Race: Sr.—1, P. Campbell; 2, E. McDonald. Int.—1, W. Elnor; 2, H. Garnham; 3, M. Simmons. Jr.—1, R. Tyrie; 2, A. Jamieson; 3, O. Petro.

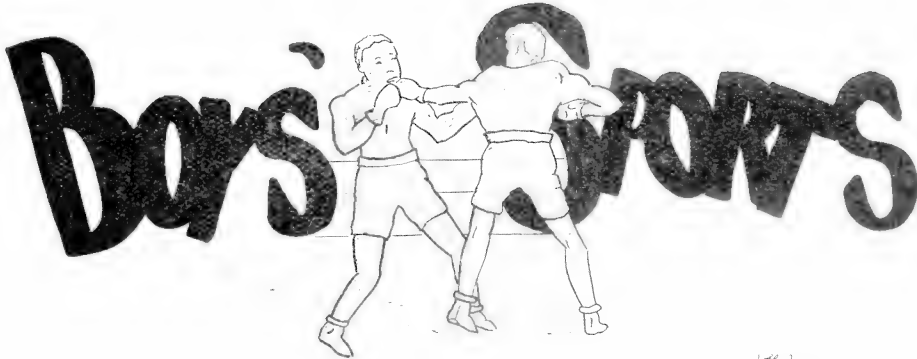
AWARD OF CRESTS

More girls than usual were successful in obtaining 75 per cent. or more in the point system of the G. A. A. Points are awarded for attendance, uniform and class work as well as for inter-form games. On the last Assembly in June, crests were awarded to the following girls: Marjorie Allingham, Millicent Baxter, Lillian Bell, Doris Brown, Dorothy Brown, Olive Cranston, Ilene Cruickshank, Beatrice Dennis, Winifred Durnford, Winifred Elnor, Marie Hargrove, Kathryn Hayes, Edith Hughes, Edna Kee, Marie Kent, Flora MacDonald, Nora MacNamara, Blanche Maidment, Agnes Mart, Evelyn Marsh, Isabel Mendizabal, Jean Nealy, Ina Rosebrugh,

Shirley Scott, Margaret Simmons, Ruby Stewardson, Jessie Walker, Elaine Ward.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season is the most active time of the athletic year. Interest in the game is wide-spread and there is little difficulty in fielding teams from each form. There were 11 referees required to look after the 51 games played. Senior girls referee the games while timekeepers and scorers are taken from the lower forms. This year's basketball tournament ended in March with 4B winning the Senior pennant, 2A the Intermediate and T1B tying C1B in the first game of the Junior playoffs. In the final C1B defeated the Technical form.



SWIMMING 1936

On the evening of May 22, 1936, the annual swimming meet of the school was held. The usual events took place, including the following races: 25 Yds., 50 Yds., 100 Yds., 200 Yds., free style; 25 Yds. back and breast stroke. Competition was very keen and the gallery of spectators had much for which to applaud.

The highest swimming trophy in the school, the John Morse Newton Memorial Cup was won by two boys, C. Miller and V. Farner. Each will also receive a miniature cup.

The Kiwanis Silver Medal was won by C. Robinson in the Intermediate division while Ed. Hueston took the Kiwanis Bronze Medal in the Junior section.

FIELD DAY 1936

The Annual Field Day of the S. C. I. & T. S. was held this year on Thursday, October 1st, before one of the largest gatherings of spectators in the past few years. Although the coolness of the air was uncomfortable for onlookers, it was exactly right for the participants. The entry list was also large, the Junior and Juvenile divisions being particularly well represented.

In order to increase interest in some of the events, such as racing, the order was changed this year and a number of former afternoon competitions were held in the morning. Other variations from

previous years included a sack race, rugby ball throwing and a game of bicycle polo.

When the final results were announced Les Craig was declared the Senior Champion, Joe Brown the Intermediate, and Bill Southcombe the Junior. In the Juvenile section F. Holland and J. MacKenzie were tied.

New Records made were:

Senior Broad Jump—Ed. Powell, 18'1"

Intermediate 440 yds—J. Kirk 58 sec.

Junior High Jump—B. Southcombe 4'9½"

Juvenile High Jump—J. MacKenzie 4'7"



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back row: R. Baker, R. Mattingly, J. Kirk, E. McKegney, H. Hampton, Frenkowski, R. Dailey, H. Griffiths, J. Wright.
 Middle row: Dan O'Donohue, W. Burley, P. Cote, R. Milner, D. McKeown; L. Galloway, A. Randall, D. Walker, J. Struthers.
 Front row: V. Harris, W. Schultz, J. D. Smith, W. Chong, D. Simpson, L. Allen, D. Burke, B. MacMillan.

SENIOR RUGBY 1936

PERSONNEL

Flying Wing—W. Chong.
 Halves—W. Burleigh, J. Smith, L. Allen.
 Quarterback—P. Cote.
 Snap—W. Schultz.
 Insides—D. Burke, V. Harris.
 Middles—H. Hampton, E. Harkins.
 Ends—R. Baker, L. Galloway.
 Alternates—R. Milner, E. McKegney, R. Nimmo Frenkowski, D. McKeown, R. Dailey, Walker, G. Simpson, K. Perkins, A. Randall, J. Wright.
 Manager—Bob MacMillan, H. Griffiths.
 Trainer—J. Kirk.
 Coach—Dan O'Donohue.

SARNIA 0, LONDON CENTRAL 11

In the opening game of the Wossa series the local Seniors bowed to a heav-

ier and more experienced London Central aggregation, 11-0. With the wind against them our fighting team held their opposition scoreless, and when the second quarter started the outlook was very bright. But a fumble proved costly and London secured a commanding lead. Later in the game the London team took advantage of another break to again tally, making the score 11-0.

SARNIA 10, LONDON SOUTH 0

A vastly improved squad, filled with determination, invaded London to take on South's husky team. Despite frequent mistakes, the Sarnia boys were superior on the day's play, the score being 3-0 at half time in their favour. Early in the second half Sarnia scored another point



while in the last three minutes of the game, Jimmy Smith went over for a touchdown. The final score was 10-0.

SARNIA 8, CENTRAL 6

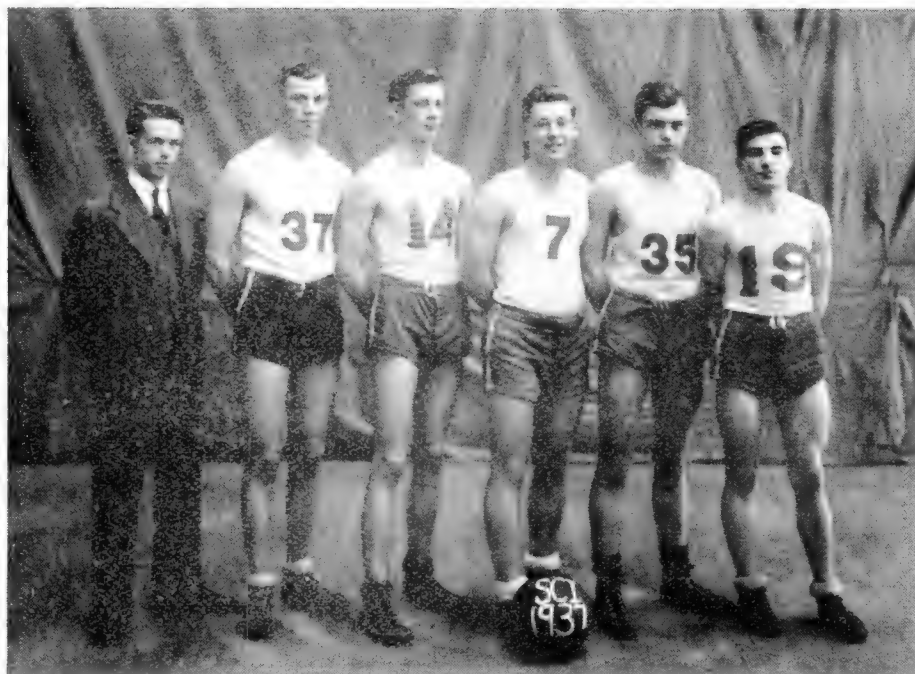
What a game! This expression might have been heard from any one of the spectators on Western University's campus, where Sarnia's game bunch of battlers upset the surprised and beaten London team. In the best Wossa game played in London for years, Sarnia scored all its points in the first period. London came back strong in the second half to block a Sarnia kick and score a touchdown. The second half saw some first-rate rugby with Sarnia holding off the fierce London attack. They successfully withstood the onslaught and won the most important game of their group schedule 8-6.

SARNIA 9, LONDON SOUTH 0.

In the final game Sarnia again shut out the South team. At half time Sarnia led 6-0. In the second half a London forward passing attack threatened Sarnia's lead but the team tightened up and managed to score 3 more points. Victory gave Sarnia the right to advance into the playdowns, Windsor being the first opponent.

SARNIA 5, WINDSOR 20

On a windswept gridiron Kennedy Collegiate's team rode to a 20-5 victory. Joe Krol, Kennedy's ace, outkicked anything Sarnia had to offer, and also ripped through the Sarnia line at will. For the locals, the lightweight line stood well under a series of plunges and only when lack of substitutes began to tell did the game become one-sided.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. Billingsley, T. Gutteridge, C. Robinson, D. Fleming, J. Huntley, F. Williams.



SARNIA 5, WINDSOR 20

Putting on an improved display Sarnia battled desperately to overcome the huge lead of their opponents and succeeded in holding a 5-3 lead at half time. But

the heavy pounding again weakened the team and in the last period Windsor's machine marched through for three touchdowns, to give them the game and eliminate Sarnia.



BOXING AND WRESTLING CHAMPS.

Back row: B. Millholland, S. Lawrence, R. Dailey, D. Ellis, J. Smith, H. Dickenson.
Front row: Fred Williams, S. Lawrence, Floyd Williams, H. Date, B. McLean, W. Chong, R. Nimmo.

ASSAULT AT ARMS 1937

The annual Assault At Arms was held this year during the week of March 1 to 5th. There were 55 entries in the various divisions. Dan O'Donohue acted as re-

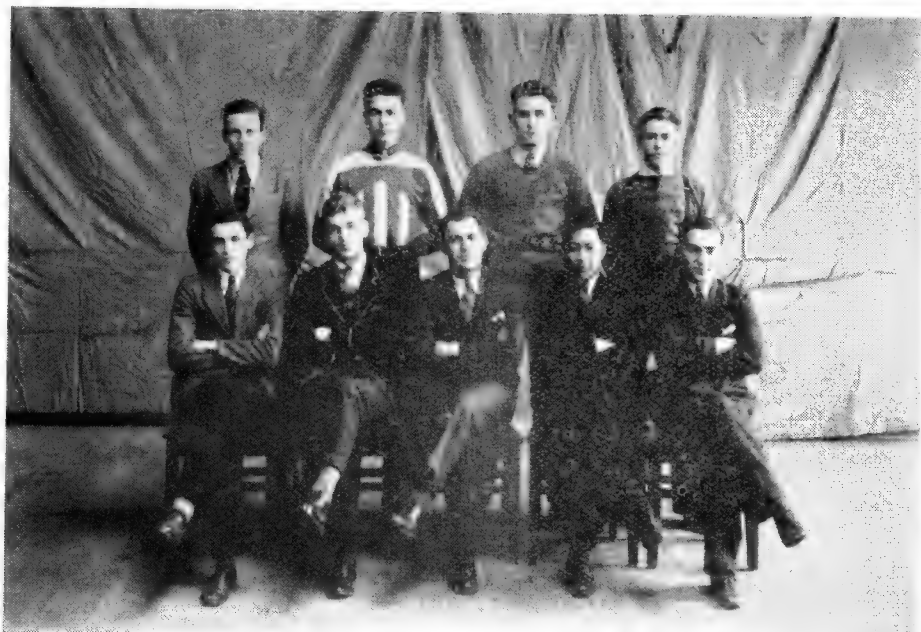
feree and the judges were A. R. Mendizabal, F. Payne and Mr. Billingsley. The champions declared in the competitions:

BOXING

80 lbs.—B. McLean.
90 lbs.—H. Date.
100 lbs.—F. Williams.
115 lbs.—P. Lawrence.
125 lbs.—R. Nimmo.
135 lbs.—J. Smith.
145 lbs.—S. Lawrence.
160 lbs.—Ray Dailey.

WRESTLING

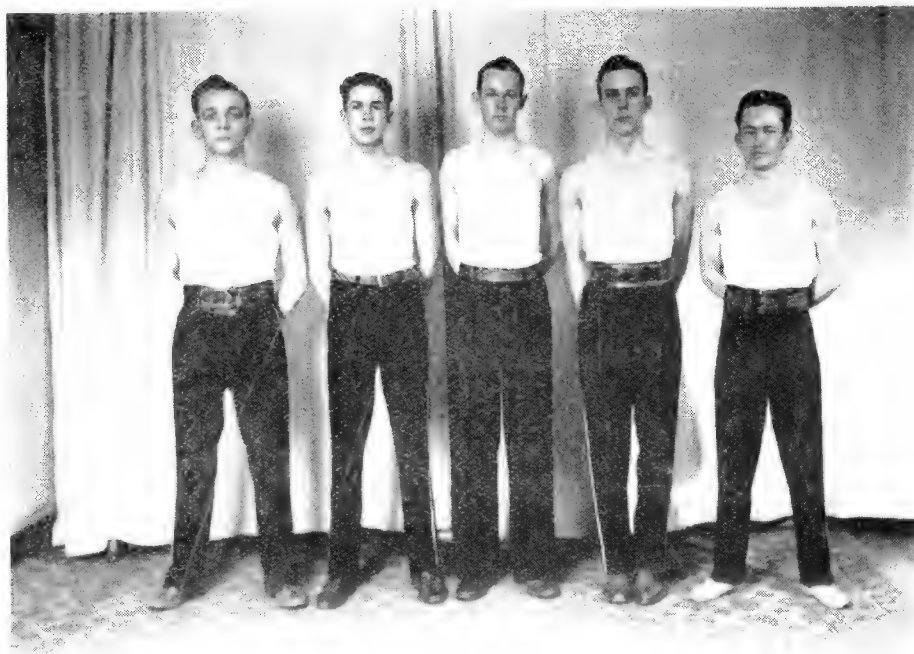
95 lbs.—F. Williams.
105 lbs.—W. Millholland.
115 lbs.—F. Williams.
125 lbs.—H. Dickerson.
135 lbs.—W. Chong.
160 lbs.—Ellis.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE—Back row: R. Milner, J. Kirk, R. Dailey, W. Humphrey.
Front row: O. Moore, J. Shanks, Dan O'Donohue, W. Chong, N. Darrach.



SHOOTING TEAM—Back row: E. Powell, W. Humphrey, J. Smith, H. Dickenson, J. Hallam, W. Southcombe, T. Fox. Middle row: R. Dailey, G. Link, K. Langan, D. Rutherford, F. Stirrett, E. Kent, T. Davidson. Front row: D. Scott, S. Stokes, K. Rooney, A. Rowell, Mr. Mendizabal, G. Mott, M. O'Laughlin, A. Hamilton, J. McKenzie. Very front: D. Aiken, S. Newton.



SENIOR GYM TEAM

J. Thain, W. Humphrey, D. Mackenzie, E. Pcell, D. Simpson.

GYMNASTICS

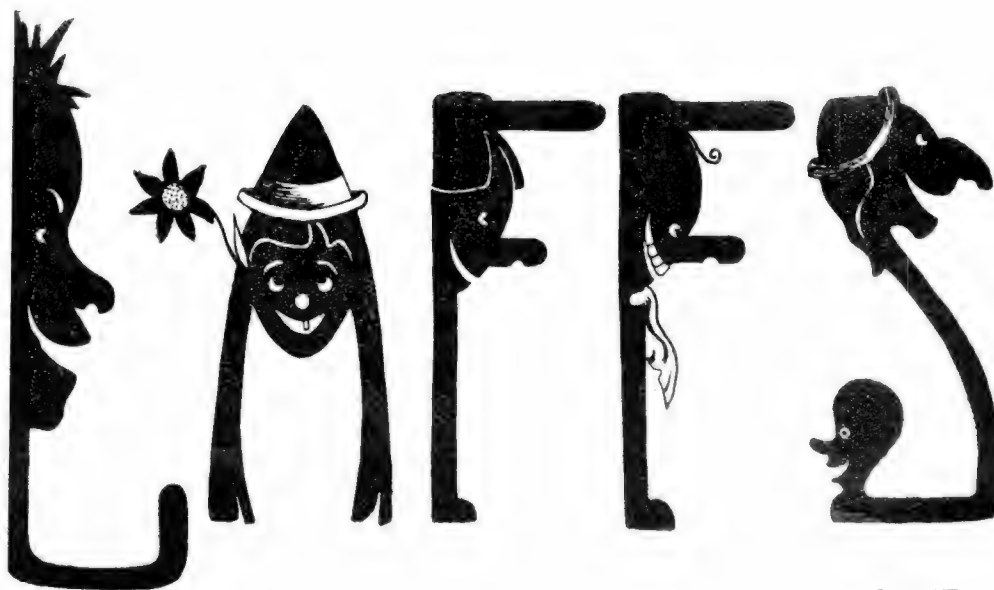
During the past year, the Gym teams of the school have entered several competitions and have had a fair amount of success. This year, however, they did not equal the remarkable feats of the past few years when they won almost every meet. At the annual W.O.S.S.A. Competition, held in Windsor on April 3rd, 1936, the Sarnia team won second place and was runner-up for the W.O.S.S.A. title. This is the first time in the last four years they have not taken first place. They also entered the Ontario Interscholastic Competition held in Hamilton.

This year's team consisted of: W. Les-

ter, W. Humphrey, D. Mackenzie, J. Thaine, E. Powell.

The LeSueur Gold Medal for the Senior Gymnastic Champion of the school was won this year by Jack Thain. D. McKeown won the Intermediate Championship while J. Needham took the Junior.

On the basis of the Point System Jack Thain won the Senior All-Around Championship of the school. He gets the Kenney Cup and Miniature. In the Intermediate division, D. Mackenzie won the Rotary Club Silver Medal while D. Aiken in the Junior section was awarded the Rotary Club Bronze Medal.



A censor is a lovely man—
I know you think so too:
He sees three meanings in a joke—
When there are only two!

* * * *

Once upon a time a girl went out with a boy. When they reached a lonely part of the road, the car stopped. He got out his tools, and in a few minutes had the motor running again. Then he got in and drove her home.

Moral: Don't go out with a mechanic.

* * * *

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of good orchestra

2 teaspoons of moon

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dance

Mix well with a keen date and bake from 10 till 2.

* * * *

Eddie H.—“What sort of a guy is Paul?”

Bill H.—“Well, the other night he was visiting his girl friend in Point Edward when the lights went out and he spent the evening playing with fuses.”

* * * *

Big Indian—“Rug, heap warm.”

Little Indian—“Heap rugs more warm.”

* * * *

The O.C. had a cold and the following occurred:

O.C.—“Squad, attenshun, standa-tees, atti-shooo.”

Buck Private—“Gosh, what do we do now?”

* * * *

Bert Hampden—“I have a friend who is suffering terribly from heat.”

Bulman—“Where is he living?”

Bert—“He ain't!”

"The banana are great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, different being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrappings of banana. The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing-machine, while banana are pristine product of honorable Mother Nature. In case of sausage both conclusions are attached one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

* * * *





FIFTH—A. & B.

I shall try my very best
To dissect our forms—but just in jest,
And not one thing that I'm to say
Is to be held against me in any way.

Fifth is full of silly asses,
Some without and some with glasses,
Some are short and some are tall
But learning fills the minds of all. (ahem)

Miss Taylor likes us, oh so well,
She even keeps us past the bell;
This makes our dear sweet David swear
Under his breath; when we aren't there.

Tuffy comes in late each week,
For at the Rotary does he speak;
But Jimmy C. when late at noon
Just says that the bells were rung too soon.

Virgil is tall and fair and sweet
And Donna is so terribly neat
That she really drives us to despair,
And 5-A stole poor Davey's chair;

And jammed his window and also did block
The hole in his door which he couldn't unlock.
Muriel Bell sells translations for candy,
And at catching snakes Lloyd Galloway's "handy."
(eh Lloyd)

I could keep this up forever and an age
'Bout Hazel and Doris and Helen and Ray
And Jimmy, the gambler, who's just won a dime,
Except for two things—the space and the time.

* * * *

WE WONDER ?

1. What became of Mr. Ritchie's Ford?
2. If Helen Heller's grass skirt is part of her much publicized wardrobe?
3. Why Mr. Fielding keeps pickles in his cupboard?
4. Where Norm Brown acquired the "tails" for Annual Antics?
5. When Shad Galloway will grow up.
6. Why a certain young lady doesn't make up her mind (now Clarice!)

* * * *

My Bonnie leaned over her gas tank,
The height of its contents to see,
She then lit a match to assist her—
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me!



Oh joke, you most elusive sprite,
I ponder on you late at night,
And when I think I've gotten one
I find it's just a lowly pun.

* * * *

Senior—"How long have you been shaving?"

Tuxis Beattie—"Four years."

St—"G'wan."

Tuxis—"Yes Sir, cut myself both times."

* * * *

Evelyn—"Do you want to hear a poem I wrote?"

Marg—"O. K."

Evelyn—"To-night I am a lady, To-morrow——"

Marg—"Wait a minute, let's stick to facts!"

* * * *

J. Shirley—"Marriage is the road to happiness."

D. Sleeth—"Yes, but there's a lot of fun on the detours."

* * * *

Bob McMillan—"I know what you're thinging of."

Anne—"Why don't you go there then?"

* * * *

Brown—"Let's go to the movies to-night, Jim."

Smith—"Alright Norm, but I really should stay home and help Dad with my home-work."

* * * *

Dixon—"She told me she'd be faithful to the end."

Callister—"Sounds O.K."

Dixon—"Oh Yeah? I'm the quarterback!"

* * * *

When Caesar was a babe in diapers,
And chariots lacked windshield wipers,
Before Napoleon ever knew
That he could meet his Waterloo,
When Cleo was a howling brat,
Women were yelling, "Buy me that!"

* * * *

Thelma and her brother were uncertainly flivering their way home on a country road.
"Thelma," said brother, "I wancha to be very careful. First thing y'know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" said Miss Rice. "Why, I thought you were driving."

* * * *

"Papa," called Emily excitedly, "There's a big black bug on the ceiling."

"All right," replied Mr. Littell engrossed in his newspaper, "Just step on it and don't bother me."

* * * *

Alice Williamson—"The nerve of that conductor! He glared at me as though I hadn't paid my fare."

Amy: "And what did you do?"

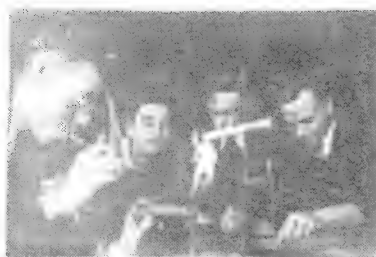
Alice: "I glared back at him as though I had."



GLIMPSES^{OF} INDUSTRY



THE OLD MILL

SIT-DOWN
STRIKE

WOULD-BE CHEMISTS ?

FUTURE
EXECUTIVE

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE



SUNMRE POETTROY

My tYpist is on her vscation
My trpist's awau fpr a week
My typudt us in hwr vscarion
wgile thse dumb kews hude and seej?

Cjorus :

oy, breng boxk, bting bzck,
brung becj mp b'Onnie Ti my, ty mn;
B (&ng b&xj, b-6ng bicx,
Bjing, bozk m!belnio, lh helk!

* * * *

Mrs. Elliott—"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

Tommy—"Shooting craps, ma."

Mrs. Elliott—"That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have."

* * * *

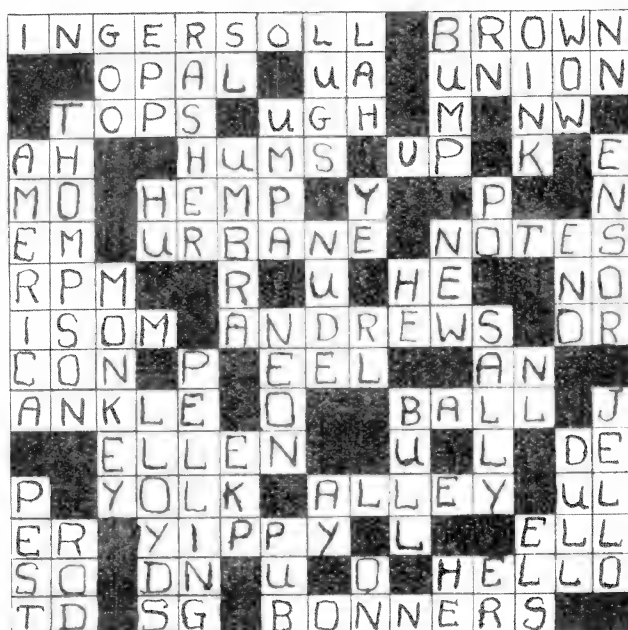
They met on the bridge at midnight,
They'll never meet again,
For one was an east-bound heifer,
The other a west-bound train.

* * * *

Fair Patient: "What are my chances of recovering doctor?"

Doc—"One hundred percent. Medical records show that nine out of ten with the disease you have, die. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. All the others died—you're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

* * * *





NAME	ALIAS	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	AMBITION	CHIEF WEAKNESS	ULTIMATE FATE
John Kirk	"Jack"	You said it, kid	Gym Team	Haunting Gee, Gee.	Jobo
Jane Cowan	"Janie"	Ohh—!	To shrink	Peter	Miss Canada
Olga Mackey	"Mac"	Model	Red	Kick ya in the teeth	Beef Trust
Edward Hueston	"Eddie"	Hello, goofy-goofy	Professional hockey-player	Girls in general	Stick-boy for Church League
Kenneth Rooney	"Ken"	Please ma'am!	Philosopher	Asking foolish questions	Advice to love-lorn
Bill Hueston	"Scoop"	Hello	Play with Imperials	Acquire clothes	Size 14 brogues
Betty Abram	"Betty"	Oh! I had the grandest time!	Another Ginger Rogers	Boys' pictures	Scrub woman at RKO studio
Donna Cranston	"Ozzie"	Hey, kid	Church	New shoes	Minister's wife
Frances Walley	"Olive Oyl"	It's plenty good enough for school	Teacher	Homework	Night club hostess
John Driscoll	"Jack"	Is that right?	Professional badminton player	Rescuing ladies in distress	Score keeper at badminton games
Frances Doherty	"Gee"	Aw, go on	To be cute	Orve	Family of 14
Bill Kirk	"Willie"	He's cracked	Cartoonist	The "funnies"	Gale and her mother
John Rankin	"Johnny"	Hello, Joe	Dancing instructor	Imitations	Dance-floor waxer
Anna Holmes	"Annie"	Oh, darn	First class honours	Gum-cracking	Around "99" same as usual
Edward Powell	"Stool"	Wow!	Drummer	Crashing parties	Drummer in curling rink swing-band
Norwood Leach	"Bud"	As a matter of fact	Another Joe Kirkwood	Stag parties	Golf caddy
Pauline Stonehouse	"Paul"	Isn't that smart!	Sophisticated lady	Tea (clear please)	Nursemaid
Gordon Simpson	"Don"	Ask Anna	To sail	Slot machines	Janitor at Yacht Club



UNDER A SPELL

I cannot spell howe'er I trigh,
And I don't know the reason wy,
I only know, alas, that eye'm
At school, in truble half the thyme.

For at dictation I'm no gould
Though I'd spell better if I could.
I write, of course, that horses nay . . .
That bats come out at close of daigh—

That farmers have to reap and plough—
That grass is eaten by a cough,
That in the garden there are flours
That I've a watch that tells the owers.

That—but I'd better say no moar
Lest I should become a horrid boar,
I've told you quite enough and sough
In spelling class I'm terribly lough.

* * * *

Moore—"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

Ingersoll—"Why no, I rather enjoy them."

* * * *

Tragedy in Four Acts—

"Cram — Exam — Fail — Wail!"

* * * *

Simp—"The teachers around here don't know anything. They are awfully dumb! Why they ought to get a whole new staff."

Anna—"Yeah! I flunked too."

* * * *

Specialist—"Frequent water drinking keeps you from becoming stiff in the joints."

Lloyd Gall—"Yeah! But most of the joints don't serve water."

* * * *

Wes. McD.—"May I take you home?"

Pauline—"Sure, where do you live?"

* * * *

A worn-out old stove crouched wanely in the rubbish heap and pointing at the ash pile remarked to the garbage tin: "Ah me! There's all that's left of an old flame of mine."

* * * *

Scottie Ross—"If 32 is freezing point, what is squeezing point?"

Helen Dicer—"I don't know."

Scottie—"Two in the shade."

* * * *

If you don't like these jokes
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just call around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.
(Ping-lo)

Sordov Ridge Jack Anderson T3

Eileen Hulcher (puppy)

116



THE COLLEGIATE

D. Schinley



Frank Hillman Song

Wm. M. Seene

Bob Hammett

Clark
Gant Zoskin

Connie Cullen

Lytle Kirk

along
Richardson

Soma Dauphinee

Worship
Port Seely

Ernie Barker

Wm. C. Wingham

Marion
Lumby

Bill Worsley

W B Brush

Patricia Rae

Gil Warham

Bill

WHITELEY

T.R.A.

G.I. Leck
Dorothy Small

K.L. Olue

Bill Hous

Bruce Murray
Blidenfield
3

THE COLLEGIATE



117

Long Ross
1A

A. Bradley

Paul
Miller

Jack
Gorke

W. A. J. J. J.

Peter Paton
Coll 1C

W. C. R. R. R.

Margaret M. M.

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they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

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they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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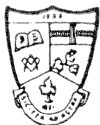
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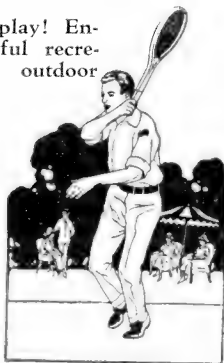
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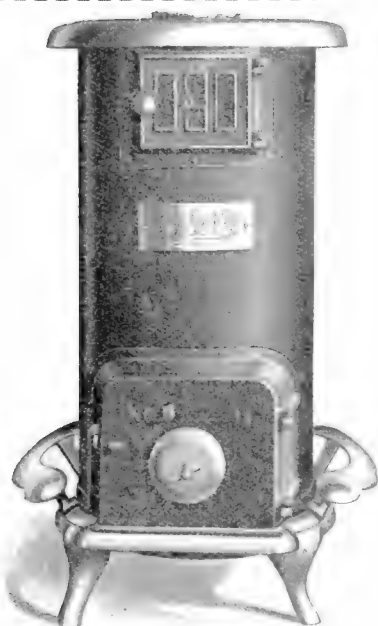
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